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NIGHTFALL.

BY L. E. L.

Lie still, O heart:
Crush out thy vainness and unreached desires.
Mark how the sunset-fires,
Which kindled all the west with red and gold,
Are slumbering 'neath the amethystine glow
Of the receding day, whose tale is told.
Stay, stay thy questionings; what would'st thou know,
O anxious heart?

Soft is the air:
And not a leaflet rustles to the ground
To break the calm around.
Creep, little wakeful heart, into thy nest;
The world is full of flowers even yet.
Close fast thy dewy eyes, and be at rest.
Pour out thy plaints at day, if thou must fret;
Day is for care.

Now, turn to God:
Night is too beautiful for us to cling
To selfish sorrowing.
O memory! the grass ever green
Above thy grave; but we have brighter things
Than thou hast ever claimed or know, I ween.
Day is for tears. At night, the soul hath wings
To leave the sod.

The thought of night,
That comes to us like breath of primrose time,
That comes like the sweet rhyme
Of a pure thought expressed, lulls all our fears,
And stirs the angel that is in us—night,
Which is a sermon to the soul that hears.
Hush! for the heavens with starlets are alight.
Thank God for night!

A BLACK VEIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

"ALLAN,' said your mother gravely, 'I was never so distressed in my life as this morning. Dear how could you use those horrible words?'

"'An old bad habit!

"'Why, Allan, I have never heard you use such words before!'

"'It has been due to your good influence over me, darling.

"'I must not relapse.'

"'But do you mean to say that you have been in the habit of using such words—such profane, horrible, blasphemous words?'

"'Everybody uses them at times,' I answered lightly.

"'Everybody does not.'

"Her lips quivered, and I saw her blue eyes fill with tears.

"'Oh, Allan,' she said, 'I am so terribly disappointed in you!'

"'In what way?' I asked, feeling deeply offended.

"'I thought you were so good.

"'Even poor papa said that he believed you were a model man.

"'And now——'

"She hesitated.

"'Well, now what is wrong?' I asked.

"'Everything is wrong,' she replied. 'You will not go to church, and you swear like a——'

"'Like a trooper,' I added, seeing that she was at a loss for a comparison.

"'Oh, Allan, Allan! And it is so wicked to swear.'

"'I wish,' I cried impatiently, 'that you would not talk to me in that strain. You are worse than a parson in petticoats!'

"'It is only because I love you,' she said; 'and I cannot endure that you should say or do what is wrong.'

"So hour by hour, day by day, we became more and more estranged.

"You see, Laurie, what was the cause of the disagreements.

"Your mother was a saint, while I was a sinner.

"During all these months I had found living at Kew very convenient.

"I could run up here to Yatton House, remain for a few days, and then return home.

"No one had the faintest idea that I was married.

"My sister was as busy as ever in keeping all dangerous charmers from me.

"We had been married just one year when you were born, Laurie, and I named you after my favorite ancestress, Laurie Dundas, of three hundred years ago, who gave her life to save her husband's. When you go to Yatton, Laurie, you will find her portrait in the picture-gallery—a glorious woman, with eyes and hair like your own.

"There were few faults in your mother's character; but on looking back, I see that in one respect she did wrong.

"From the day you were born her life was so entirely wrapped up in yours that she almost forgot me.

"I grew worse after that.

"Hitherto I had kept from the wine-cup; but now I was growing tired of domestic bliss, weary of my beautiful young wife and her saintly ways, and longing for the excitements and distractions of my past wild life, for the click of the billiard-ball, the rattle of the dice, for the old vices of which I had believed myself cured. I did not love you, Laurie, for I was jealous of you, and I believe I wished you dead. Then I sought consolation in the wine-cup.

"Hitherto I had kept perfectly sober; but one night your mother was busy with you, and I was left alone.

"I drank too much, and, when my fair young wife came back to the dining-room, I could not walk or speak.

"On the following day she came to me as I was trying to sleep off a terrible headache and knelt down by my side.

"She laid her cool slim hand on my burning forehead.

"'Allan,' she said gently, 'I wish one person could give their life for another. I would give mine for you.

"'For what purpose?' I asked.

"'To save you, my dear,' she said. 'You are going down-hill so fast.'

"'That is nothing new,' I remarked.

"'You have not always been fond of drink, Allan?'

"'Yes, I have, Agnes, so long as I remember.

"'When I was quite a boy, they said I was far too fond of champagne.'

"She looked perfectly horrified.

"'I thought this was the first time in your life that you had taken too much,' she said sadly.

"'I wish it were so' I said. 'Unfortunately it is not.'

"I think some of her great love for me died that morning as she lay with her head on my breast.

"'Allan,' she said seriously, turning my face round that she might see it—'tell me the truth.

"'I think I can bear anything now. Tell me—are you a bad man?'

"How I laughed!

"So naive a question was perfectly delicious to me.

"'I see nothing to laugh at,' she said piteously.

"'Tell me the truth.'

"It depends entirely on what you consider a bad man, Agnes.'

"'Well, one who does not fear Heaven, never goes to church, curses, swears, and drinks, and mocks at all that is good, pure, and holy—surely he is a bad man?'

"'It is a pretty fair catalogue,' I answered. 'Well, since you ask the question in sober earnest—yes, I am, I believe, what the world calls a very bad man.'

"'I cannot think,' she said plaintively, 'why, if you were a wicked man, you cared to marry me.'

"'Force of contrast, my dear. A bright diamond always shows to greatest advantage against a dark background.

"But it was not kind; it was not right; it was not even natural!' she cried.

"'I fail to see that, Agnes.

"'I loved you; why should I not marry you?'

"'It was not fair to me,' she said. 'I might love you with a love deep enough to fill the world, but I could never be happy with you unless you cared for some of the things I love and reverence.

"'Do you think it was honorable to do as you did?

"'You hid all your faults; I did not hide one from you.'

"Sweet soul she had not one to hide! 'I do not think it was honorable,' she continued sadly.

"'It is true I loved you very much. I thought you a perfect gentleman, an upright man; but, if I had known that you hated all good, that you cursed and swore and drank, I should never have married you, no matter how much I loved you.'

"'That is a bold declaration, Agnes,' I said.

"'It is perfectly true,' she replied. 'Why Allan, how could I have done so, knowing that you would persist in doing things I abhorred?'

"'You must adapt yourself to my ways, Agnes, since I cannot follow yours,' I said lightly.

"They were shameful words for a man to speak.

"'No,' she said quietly, 'I shall never do that.

"'Do you mean that I am to follow your example, to——'

"'No, no,' I interrupted; 'but you might certainly be just a little less saint-like.'

"'I see now,' she said, 'that only Heaven can help me. I have indeed married a wicked man!'"

* * * * * * *

"The time came, Laurie," continued my father, "when I hated the woman I had so passionately loved.

"She was a constant reproach to me. Her face was always shadowed, her blue eyes were full of infinite sadness.

"She watched me with dumb loving sorrow.

"I liked to inflict pain upon her, to see her lips quiver and her eyes fill with tears; yet, if any one else had touched even one hair of her head, I would have slain him.

"It was the barrier of rectitude and virtue that stood between us.

"I, radically bad, was jealous of her superiority.

"I worshipped her for her angelic goodness, yet hated her for it at the same time.

"One morning I happened to descend early.

"My wife had a little sitting-room that opened on to the lawn; she had furnished it in accordance with her own taste. I did not often intrude there, the style of it not altogether pleasing me.

"There were too many flowers and pictures.

"As I was passing the door on my way to the river, I heard a faint sweet murmur of voices, and cautiously I opened the door. There knelt your mother in her sky-blue dress, the morning sun shining brightly on her.

"Her arms were round you, and she was trying to teach you a prayer.

"It was a picture to make a good man's heart beat with joy; but in me it roused the very demon of jealousy.

"I was jealous—ah, fool that I was!—of the little child that she held in her gentle arms.

"She looked scared when I spoke to her. Had angry jealousy mastered me?

"I am ashamed to disclose what I did. I strode into the room, and cried in a rough loud voice—

"'What are you doing, Agnes?'

"She raised her sweet startled face.

"'I am teaching Laurie a prayer, Allan,' she said.

"In my mad furious jealousy I took the child from her—you, Laurie; and you resented it by a violent cry.

"'I will not have the child's mind and heart filled with the same nonsense that makes such a fool of you!' I cried.

"She looked at me, her eyes full of unutterable sadness.

"'Allan,' she said gently, 'how can you be angry with me for teaching the little one a prayer?

"'Even the most wicked of men like to see their children good.'

"'Rubbish!' I cried.

"'I will not have her mind filled with such nonsense.'

"She took you in her arms—ah me, how well I see the picture!—and for the first time she defied me.

"'I will obey you,' she said, 'in every lawful and reasonable thing; but I refuse distinctly to bring up my child as a heathen.'

"That moment I made up my mind to part you.

"She defied me for your sake.

"She went away, taking you with her; but I decided that she should not have you many days longer.

"I was determined to punish her. I bribed the head-nurse to help me. I said that I wished you to be taken to the seaside for a few months, as I did not approve of your mother's training.

"I arranged with the woman that I should take my wife up to town for a day, and that while we were gone she should start for Hunstanton, in Norfolk, and that she should wait there until I sent for her. I merely meant to punish Agnes, to bring her to my feet in tears; and I knew I could pain her most through you. Why, Laurie, what are you sobbing for?"

I had fallen upon my knees, crying out passionately for my mother, almost hating in my heart this most wicked man who had torn me from her.

"Women love tears," he said, with a hateful grin.

"They have plenty of reason for shedding them," I answered.

"You are like your mother Laurie," he laughed.

"No, I am not!" I cried hotly. "If I had been in my mother's place, I would have killed you!"

"You are a true St. Asaph, Laurie. However, believe me, I did not really then intend to part you from your mother; but I thought it high time she had a lesson in obedience, and the best way I could teach it her was by showing her how complete was my authority over both her and you.

"So on the morrow, in the morning, I told her I wanted to take her to London with me.

"She did not look very happy upon hearing this, but she obeyed cheerfully. I know she went to you—prayed over you, kissed you, blessed you—because she came back to me with such a happy light on her face.

"How little she thought—poor Agnes!—that before we reached London the nurse would have started, trking you with her!"

"How could you? How could you?" I cried.

"It is of no use asking me that now, Laurie.

"It was a fiendish act, and I know that, when I had done it, I was half frightened. I dared not look at your mother's face all the way to town.

"That was an unlucky day for me. Just as we were walking along Piccadilly, we came face to face with an old friend of mine—Charley Makin of the Guards. He held out his hand to me with loud hearty greeting.

"'St. Asaph!' he cried.

"'Why, where have you been hiding all this time? Every one is asking, "Where is St. Asaph?"'

"Then he looked with a quizzical glance at the lady with me.

"At the sound of the strange name she glanced first at me and then at him. In her gentle dignified way she spoke to Charley Makin.

"'Is this gentleman's name "St. Asaph"?'

"And, without thought, he answered 'Yes.'

"She withdrew her arm from mine. I knew what that meant.

"Charley Makin saw that he had made a mistake, and strode away, looking very confused.

"'Is that true?' she asked me, when we had walked on in silence for a few minutes.

"'Is what true?' I asked doggedly.

"'Are you Lord St. Asaph—the man of whom my father read in the papers, the "reprobate Earl"?'

"'I suppose I am,' was my reply.

"She wrung her hands with a pathetic little gesture.

"'Take me home,' she said at once; and we returned.

"She spoke no word all the way back. Her face was colorless, and her eyes were dark with pain.

"Not until we reached the house and stood once more in the drawing-room did she break that long and terrible silence. She, who had always been as gentle as a dove, tore the lace mantle from her shoulders, the hat from her head, and then stood facing me.

"On my word, Laurie, I felt like a sneak and a coward—I did indeed!

"'Is this true?' she asked; and the blue eyes, usually so calm, flashed fire into mine.

"'I am the Earl of St. Asaph,' I then replied.

"'And you dared to marry me!' she cried.

"'Oh, wicked indeed and shameless are you!

"'You dared to marry me!'

"'It was a good match for you,' I said; 'you are Countess of St. Asaph.'

"'Countess of St. Asaph!' she repeated, in a voice of scorn.

"'I would rather have died than bear that name!

"'Great Heaven, what had I done that I should fall into the hands of this most wicked man?'

"'It will be better for you to keep civil, Lady St. Asaph!' I cried.

"She turned white at the very sound of the name.

"'Was my marriage with you perfectly legal?' she asked.

"'Perfectly so,' I answered.

"'Is there not one flaw by which I can escape?' she cried.

"'Not a single flaw,' I answered.

"'You are really Lord St. Asaph, the man who broke Lady Grantley's heart and injured her husband for life?'

"'I had that inexpressible pleasure' I replied.

"'He should have let me alone.'

"'The papers said it was only your wealth and rank that saved you from——'

"'The papers tell lies,' I interrupted.

"'But you did this foul, cruel, monstrous thing?'

"'You mean that I ran away with Lady Grantley, and shot her husband through the arm when he followed us? Yes; but it was rather Lady Grantley who ran away with me.

"'She was a pretty little thing—not at all like you, Agnes.'

"'Knowing all this, you married me?' she cried.

"'The fact was, I fell in love with you, my dear.

"'I could not help myself.'

"'And your gift to St. Etheldreda's?'

"'Was the snare with which I trapped you, dearest.'

"'May Heaven pardon you!

"'If I had known that you were Lord St. Asaph, I would rather have died than marry you.

"'Now that I know it, I refuse to remain with you another hour. You married me by fraud; I refuse to believe that I am your wife.

"'I, who hate wickedness and love truth, can never be wife to such a reprobate!"

"'My dear Lady St. Asaph, pray be reasonable.

"'Think of the other side of the picture—of the title I have given you, the luxury you may live in, the diamonds you may wear.'

"'I want none of those things,' she cried; 'I shall take my child and leave you.'

She turned from me and quitted the room; and I knew what was coming.

"Your mother returned very speedily, her face livid, her eyes wild with fear.

"'Where is my child—my Laurie?' she asked.

"And I dared not tell her.

"At the sight of the mother's love shining in her eyes, the trembling of her lips, I anathematised the cruel deed that I had done.

"'Where is my Laurie?' she asked again. 'The nursery is empty; I—I cannot find her nurse.

"'Oh, answer me, for the love of Heaven! Where is my child?'

"'You did not manage her properly,' I answered.

"'Do not trifle with me, Allan! Where is she?

"'Have you hidden her in jest, just for an hour, to frighten me? I will forgive you if you have.

"'But it is cruel to frighten me. Laurie is my life, and without life one ceases to be, Allan.'

"She was trembling violently, her voice was hoarse and low.

"'Where is my Laurie?

"'I will never reproach you again if you will tell me.

"'Oh, my little child!'—and she stretched out her hands."

Bitter sobs broke from my lips.

"If you cry like that," snapped the Earl viciously, "I will not tell you anything further."

So I hushed my sobs, though my heart ached with anguish.

My beautiful young mother!

Why, he would have been merciful had he slain her!

The Earl continued—

"'Allan, give me back my Laurie; Tell me where Laurie is!' your mother cried.

"'My dear Lady St. Asaph,' I replied, 'I have sent my daughter where she will be properly educated, and where her mind and brain will be kept clear of all nonsensical ideas.'

"'Have you sent her away?' she asked.

"'Yes' was my reply.

"She uttered no reproach, no cry, but she fell upon her knees and buried her face in her hands.

"That hardened my heart. She was appealing to Heaven again, and not to me—not to me.

"Suddenly I found my wife kneeling at my feet.

"'Dear,' she said gently, 'give me back Laurie!

"'Give me my little child—my life—my life!

"'If I have angered you, disappointed you I am sorry.

"'If I have seemed to you exacting and self-righteous, pardon me. I will be all, everything you wish me, if you will give me back Laurie!'

"'You love Laurie better than me!' I cried roughly.

"'Oh, my dear, Laurie is my child—she is my life!

"'My lips and hands are trembling to kiss and caress her! My arms wait to clasp her!

"'She is myself!

"'She sleeps on my bosom—she lives in my heart!

"'Oh, give me back Laurie!'

"I swore to myself that she should not have this child whom she preferred to me. But I liked to hear her plead. She had prayed often enough to Heaven; now let her pray to me.

"'I will teach her to love you, Allan; I will train her just as you wish, if you will let me teach her to be good. You cannot mean to keep her from me. You know she is mine—my very own. You cannot take from me what is mine.'

"'She is mine also,' I answered.

"She shrank back, as though I had struck her.

"'You cannot mean to keep her from me!' she sobbed.

"'It is too cruel; it is inhuman! Tell me where you have sent her. If you will not let her come back, let me go to her. I will be her nurse, her servant—anything, if I may but be near to her.'

"'I shall do nothing of the kind,' I said. 'The child will grow up better and wiser without you.'

"She moaned as she fell forward; yet no pity touched my heart.

"Jealous and a longing for vengeance reigned there; still I think, if she would but have said that she loved me better than you, I should have relented.

"When I raised her from the ground, she seemed half dead.

"I laid her on the couch.

"Her pleading, her humiliation, were grateful to me who had felt her superiority so keenly.

"Panting, breathless, she again prayed me to restore Laurie to her; but, after a time, seeing that prayers and tears were all ineffectual, she lay silent.

"Then at last she stood up before me erect and proud.

"'Allan,' she said, 'I will pray no more to you—no more.

"'I will leave your house at once, if you do not tell me where Laurie is, and I will never come back.'

"'I hope you will be careful where you go, Lady St. Asaph,' I said, 'or I shall decline to take you back.'

"She made no answer, but went out of the room; and I sat for an hour at least, expecting her to return.

"But she never came; and I found that, without speaking to anybody, she had left the house.

"Three weeks passed without my receiving one word from her; then one evening, as I was sitting alone, wondering what steps I could, she came back.

"It was a wet night.

"I remember how the rain pattered against the window. She came into the drawing-room where I was sitting, unannounced.

"'Allan,' she said, 'give me back my child. My days and nights are terrible; she is always in my thoughts; I hear her cry for me.

"'I fall asleep and dream that I am holding my little darling in my arms. I feel her lips on my face; I feel the clasp of her little hands round my neck; I feel the little head nestling close to me, and I go mad when I wake and find that she is not with me.

"'I have now been three nights without sleep.

"'I am a desperate woman, Allan, and I am forced to say desperate words. If you do not give me back my child, I will never in this world look upon your face or listen to your voice again—never!'

"'I shall be sorry to lose such charming society; but I must adhere to my plan,' I replied.

"For once she lost her saintly calm, and I was wickedly glad of it.

"Her fair face flamed crimson, her eyes flashed fire.

"'You are a cruel heartless monster!' she said; and then her strength seemed to fail her, or she saw by my face that anger was useless.

"A scheme worthy of a demon entered my brain.

"I would goad her and urge her to the last.

"'Your prayer is all in vain,' I said. 'I have very bad news for you.'

"'Bad news!

"'Oh, Heaven help me!' she cried. 'Bad news of Laurie?'

"'Yes—bad news of Laurie,' I repeated.

"A great tearless sob died on her lips. She tried to speak again, but could not. Her figure swayed to and fro.

"'Tell me,' she gasped at length—'tell me.'

"'It is such bad news, I am afraid to tell you,' I said.

"'I fear that I am much to blame. I should not have sent the child away; but I did it for the best.

"'The change has not suited her. You see I did not know your address, so I could not send for you.'

"'Tell me—tell me quickly,' she gasped. 'I cannot wait another moment.

"'Tell me.'

"'Laurie is dead,' I said slowly—'dead and buried.'

"She never doubted me for one minute. I do not suppose she has done so since.

"'You can go and see her grave if you like,' I continued.

"She looked at me with dazed sad eyes; then, without a word or cry, she fell to the ground.

"I went away and left her lying there. I had avenged myself."

There was an uncanny look upon my father's face as he uttered these awful words and it was some moments before, after having recourse to the liqueur-stand, he resumed his story.

"I have never seen your mother since, Laurie, and I do not know whether she is living or dead.

"I went out of the house, first telling the servants to look after their mistress. The next day I went to my lawyer, and told him the whole story.

"It was not his place to make any comments upon it; but I read in his face what he felt.

"He offered to go down to River View and settle everything for me.

"He found your mother lying very ill. She refused to hear anything of me—for she had a fixed idea, my lawyer told me, that I had caused the child's death. She told him that she would not even ask me where the child was buried, so great was her abhorrence of me.

"He managed one thing well. He settled on her fifty thousand dollars—at least he persuaded her to take it. At first she said she would never touch my money; but he showed her how much good she could do with it, whereas I should spend the sum in useless luxury, if not worse. The bait took.

"She accepted it.

"She would not have a cheque with my name upon it.

"He placed Bank of England notes to the value of fifty thousand dollars in her hands and then she passed out of my life for ever. I do not know whether she is living or dead.

"I have heard no word of her since."

"Why did you tell her I was dead? It was needless cruelty," I said.

"True; but was part of my revenge," he replied.

"What did you do with me," I asked, "when you had so cruelly taken me from my mother?"

"You remained at Hunstanton until you were four; then my lawyer brought you to Pentarn House, and Miss Pentarn was entrusted with the true story of your birth. She was pledged never to reveal it. You were to have everything you needed, but never to know anything of yourself."

"Why did you do that?" I asked. "Why was I not brought up as your daughter? Then there would have been none of this heart-burning and jealousy."

"I was not going to incur the laughter and ridicule of the whole world for the sake of announcing a marriage the very memory of which was most hateful to me. If you had been a boy, it would have been a very different matter.

Thinking of fair-haired Lance, I quietly said—

"I thank Heaven I was not a boy!"

"You have not much to be grateful for," laughed my father.

"Now Laurie, I should not have sent for you yet, but that those stupid doctors told me three days ago that I was going to die. Then I felt that I must do you justice."

"I think you have done me the greatest wrong that a father could possibly do his child," I said.

"Yes, I agree with you; but I will try to make it up to you by leaving you a large fortune, Laurie."

"What is money to me compared with the loss of my dear mother? Think too what a legacy of hate you will leave me from all those who have been brought up to think that they would have your wealth."

"Serve them right—all but Lance," he laughed.

"I love Lance.

"Lady Ullswater has done nothing but plot about my money ever since her own husband died and left her without any. You do not seem very pleased or elated at the thought of being an heiress, Laurie."

"No, I do not care about it, I have never known the want of money, father, thanks to you, I suppose; but I have often known, always known, the want of love."

"With your face, Laurie, you will not experience that want long," said my father—a compliment which I felt to be utterly hateful.

"I want to consult you for a few minutes. Of course Yatton Hall and Yatton House, with my other estates, are entailed—Lance will succeed me," he went on; "but I have a very large fortune besides.

"My sister has a nice estate, not overlarge, called Ravenglas, which will be hers until her death.

"Her income has not been sufficient to keep it up; but, with what I leave her, she will be able to live there in affluence."

"I am glad of it father. I hope you will leave her as much as you can, without any reference to me."

"On the whole she has not been a bad sister to me," he said, "though she has been greedy about my money, and has done her best to prevent my marrying.

"Oh, Laurie, it was a treat to see my sister and the girls when they heard the story of my marriage!

"But my lawyer is coming to-day to draw up my will.

"The fortune I have to leave amounts to one million five hundred thousand dollars. I know that Lady Ullswater has confided to most of her friends the fact that I intend to divide this equally among her three children, and that rumor has drawn round the girls a number of admirers. Well, I shall divide the money equally; but I shall leave seven hundred and fifty thousand to you; the three shall have two hundred and fifty thousand each. Now do you not think that is fair?"

"As far as anything so obviously unfair can be," I replied.

"You do not seem to be grateful," he said gloomily.

"If I must speak plainly," I said, "I do not care about the money.

"Oh, father tell me—do you not really know anything about my mother, or are you deceiving me as you have deceived her?"

"No; it is the simple truth," he replied. "I swear it to you on my death-bed. Since I left her in the drawing-room at Kew, I have never seen her; since my lawyer gave her the money, I have never heard one word of or from her.

"In short I do not know whether she is living or dead—and I do not care."

I asked him if he had anything that had ever been hers; and he said "No;" the contents of River View had been all sold or given away.

Then he wondered why I wept with redoubled vehemence.

"How you women delight in tears!" he cried.

"You weep for joy, you weep for sorrow, you weep when you want anything, and you weep when you get it."

"You will generally find that is men who force tears from women," I said.

"That is right, Laurie; always speak up for your sex; you will find they need it," laughed the Earl.

"You will not compliment me on my plan; but perhaps you will say that it is just?"

"I have done that. I think it the best that can be made in the very unpleasant circumstances. Of course, as I am living, and am your daughter, I must be provided for. But I see the hardship for the others."

"If you say another word about hardships Laurie," he said, frowning, "I will leave the whole of it to you, and they shall not have one cent."

Knowing that he was quite capable of this, I determined not to argue the point.

"I wonder," said my father half sadly, half mockingly, "what you really think of me, Laurie?"

More candidly than politely, I answered that I should not like to be in his place.

"Are you not at all sorry for any of the bad deeds you have done?" I asked.

"I do not think I am," was the slow answer.

I took courage then, and laid my hands on his.

"Father," I said, "you tell me that you are dying, and the lawyer is coming to make your will.

"Tell me—is that the only preparation you are making for death?"

"That, and setting all these good people by the ears," he said.

"Now, Laurie, don't let me have your mother's admonitions over again. Don't you know the old rhyme——

"'As the tree falls,
So must it lie;
As a man lives,
So must he die?'"

I felt that he was utterly wrong, but I did not know what to say.

"I am not the first wicked man who has lain down to die," he said, in a weak hollow voice, after a few minutes of silence. "What do you think of death? The gate to heaven your mother used to call it."

"I think so seriously of it, father, that, if I were in your place, I should be afraid to die."

"You are not much of a comforter," he said sneeringly.

He rang for his valet, and then, lying back, apparently utterly exhausted, he told me to leave him.

He would not let me do that which my heart longed to do—pray for him.

How those words haunted me—"As a man lives, so must he die"!

If my poor father died as he had lived, it would be a terrible death.

I quitted the room, my eyes dazed, my brain whirling.

This was my story.

Surely no girl in the wide world ever had one so terrible!

It was some relief to when I saw Sir Lance in the corridor; he was evidently waiting for me.

"I thought you were never coming, Laurie," he said.

"And, now that you are here, you look utterly worn out. Come with me into the fresh air."

I went out with him, thinking how pleasant it was to be cared for. We sat in the shade of the trees while I told him the substance of the strange story that had been disclosed to me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

My Mistake.

BY F. L. WELLS.

I BEG your pardon, sir," said our waiter, "but will you do me the extreme favor of directing an envelope for me?"

"Certainly, Abbot," I answered. "What is it—a valentine?"

For Valentine's Day was close at hand, and I caught a gleam of color in the folded paper he held in his hand.

"Yes, sir," replied Abbot. "It is a valentine—a comic valentine, sir.

"Cook has been taking too many airs of late, sir—making remarks that I considered personal, sir, and it appears to me, sir, that she ought to be took down a peg, sir, if you will excuse me for making use of such a vulgar expression, sir. And this, sir, I fancy will do it."

And "with a flourish," Abbot spread before me a cheap valentine upon which was the counterfeit presentment of a very fat woman with a rubicund countenance, under which was these graceful lines:—

"Oh, my goodness! what's the matter?
Every day you get fatter and fatter.
If you should fatten any more,
You wouldn't be able to go through the door."

"Poor cook!" said I. "Are you not afraid of hurting her feelings, Abbot?"

"No, sir," he replied, with great candor. "That is exactly what I wished to do, sir. She is always hurting mine, sir."

"I'll direct it for you, Abbot," said I. "By the way, what's the cook's name?"

"Hannah Ann Dutton, sir," he replied. "Thank you, sir."

With this he laid a yellow envelope at my elbow, bowed, and withdrew.

As he closed the door, I took from beneath a newspaper a valentine I had been at work upon when he entered—an original poem of a tender nature, written upon paper with an embossed border of flowers, cupids and doves, with two Romeo and Juliet-looking lovers in a balcony at the head of the sheet.

The poem was completed; I thought it very fine.

I felt that it expressed my sentiments.

I enclosed it in an envelope, which was adorned in the same symbolical manner, and was about to direct it to Miss Hetta Lennox, when I remembered that this envelope was too delicate for public view and the rude hands of the letter-carrier.

A more ordinary one must cover it.

I stretched out my arm towards the pigeon-hole of my desk, which contained my larger envelopes, and in doing so upset an ink-bottle.

A black stream swept over my desk, but by the prompt sacrifice of my pocket-handkerchief I stayed it before it reached the floor.

Nothing was injured but Abbot's yellow envelope.

Having consigned this to the waste-basket, I supplied its place with one of my own, and carefully directed both epistles, stamped them, and rang for Abbot, who carried them to the box at the corner, after remarking that the change of envelopes would give him great satisfaction, inasmuch as cook would expect "something graud" in an enclosure like that.

This reminded me that my monogram was on the seal of these envelopes.

However I was not really anxious that Hetta should not guess from whence my missive came, and cook would probably not be able to decipher old English letters.

It was just as well.

Then I lit my cigar, and dreamed of Hetta Lennox.

Later on, I met Abbot in the hall.

"It's come, sir; she's got it," he said, gleefully. "Now I expect she will come down soon."

She came up instead.

Never before within my memory, had I seen that rotund and rosy cook of ours ascend the stairs: as I took my seat at the dinner-table alone, as it happened, for my brother-in-law and his wife were dining out, the door opened and she entered.

She was dressed in black alpaca, and wore a green bow in her hair and another at her throat.

She smiled upon me, and sat at my elbow and china dish.

"It's just a little *pate* I've been making for you," she said, with her head on one side, and a coquettish glance away from me. "And I'm sure, nice as it is, it ain't none too nice for you."

With which remark she departed.

Abbot stared solemnly at the door, removed the covers, and stood like a statue behind my chair.

He said nothing until the dessert was before me.

Then he opened his lips.

"Excuse me for speaking, sir," he said; "but since the arrival of that valentine she's gone up two pegs, sir.

"I never seen such elevation.

"She's more impertinent to me than ever, sir."

Indeed, before the meal was completed, cook surprised me again by opening the door and asking—

"Was it good, sir?"

I replied—

"Exceedingly."

Cook clasped her hands together, and said—

"I'm so glad!" and vanished.

This was to be a day of surprises.

That evening I went to a little musical party, where I hoped to meet Hetta Lennox.

I did meet her.

We sat near together, but for a long while she never glanced toward me.

At last I approached her, and held out my hand.

"Good evening, Miss Lennox," I said.

"Ah!

"Good evening, Mr. Parker," answered she.

But she did not take my hand, nor did she utter another word.

We had been friends for two years.

I had fancied she even liked me a little.

I had believed that my valentine would be received with favor.

But now—yes, I should have been blind or idiotic not to see that Hetta Lennox intended to snub me.

I went home in a state of mind that baffles description.

I sat down at my desk and wrote ten different letters, begging for an explanation, and tore them all up and burnt them to tinder.

I walked the floor, and tossed about on the sofa, and made addresses to an invisible familiar, and comported myself like a madman generally.

At last I decided that she was a cold, mercenary girl, and that she intended to rebuff the advances of a poor young man who had only one thousand a year salary, and I decided that she intended to marry old Moses Grab, who was her grandfather's cotemporary and a millionaire.

My valentine had been an absolute offer of hand and heart.

She could not misunderstand it, and the outer envelope bore my monogram.

The days that followed only brought more rage and mortification.

Hetta Lennox absolutely cut me on the street.

We ceased not only to speak, but to look at each other.

I was wretched.

Perhaps cook perceived it.

At all events, she stayed me with wine and comforted me with pastry.

Not a day passed but some delicious morsel reached me from the kitchen.

Cook herself often opened the door for me, and always beamed upon me kindly; and at last, one Sunday evening, as I ascended the steps, I heard my name uttered in the area.

Looking down, I saw cook smiling up at me.

"There ain't nobody in the kitchen, sir," said she.

"Indeed!" said I.

"Not a living soul," said cook.

"Chamber-maid has got leave, and nurse has got leave, and that Abbot he is out too, thank fortune!

"Yes, I'm all alone, sir."

"Your must be very lonesome, cook?" I said.

"Oh, I am!" replied cook.

"Eh?"

"I didn't speak," said I.

"Ah!" said cook.

All this time I had been feeling in my pockets.

"Hang it, I haven't my latch-key!" said I.

"I won't give you the trouble to come up, cook; I'll come in that way."

"Yes, sir," said cook.

I descended into the area.

The front basement was the laundry.

It was in solemn Sabbath order and loneliness.

In the kitchen behind, a bright fire burnt in the range, and two chairs were placed before it.

All glittered with cleanliness.

"Do walk in and sit down sir," said cook.

It scarcely seemed polite to refuse, though the request was an odd one.

I did walk in, I also sat down.

As I did so cook sat down very near me and looked bashfully at the floor.

"I've been expecting you every Sunday since," said she, "but I suppose you didn't know when the coast was clear; and him and her mayn't like it—folks take such airs.

"I knows as there were difficulties in the way, but I have expected you ever since."

"Since when, cook?" I asked, bewildered.

"Since when?"

"Since that there valentine," replied cook. She looked at me now; I looked at her.

"Since that valentine! Which valentine?" I repeated.

"Oh, don't you try to play no tricks on me, sir," said cook, archly.

"That one as you sent me the very last Valentine's Day as ever we see; and I knowed your hand and I, knowed your mummygraph on the envelope; and Sarah Maria she seen you a-buying the figured paper with the verses of the proposition on it, in the stationery, when she was a goin' for a bottle of the best black ink and a postage stamp, and I knowed where it come from; and I don't mind a-saying, since you have writ your mind to me so out and out, as there ain't a gentleman nowhere as I like better."

After this there was silence for a few moments.

Then I faltered, in a miserable, croaking voice which I did not recognise for my own, "Cook, you will let me see that valentine?"

"Oh, I've kept it safe, if that's what you mean," said she; and went to the drawer, and carefully unrolling a clean dishcloth, took from it a piece of brown paper, out of the folds of which she drew a valentine.

Before I had it in my hand I knew it was the one I had written to Hetta Lennox. I had misdirected the envelopes, and she had the comic valentine in an envelope with my monogram upon it—the valentine in which she was informed that

"If she should fatten any more,
She wouldn't be able to get through the door"—

she who was as plump as a partridge, and whose great terror was that she should grow fat!

The one joke that she could not bear was a hint that she was not slender. I knew all about it now. But my troubles were not yet over.

Cook stood simpering before me, with the dishcloth that had enfolded her treasure in her hand; and she was a woman, if a mistaken one.

"Cook," I said, falteringly, "I'm very sorry, but this is all a mistake."

"A mistake!" cried cook.

"And, indeed, I'd like to know what you mean.

"A mistake!

"Oh, if it's backing out you're after, I'll have you to know I've a brother in the police, and four cousins at work in the Court, and—and——"

"Cook," I said, "you're a reasonable woman, as well as a handsome one."

Cook simpered.

"The best way will be to tell you the truth."

I did it.

I hope I may never pass through such an ordeal again.

But when I had finished, cook drew herself up, and pointing to the door with the toasting-fork, with which she had armed herself in her wrath, said, fiercely, "Go upstairs, sir!

"Go away!

"Don't be destroying a respectable woman's kayrackter by staying here! Go upstairs, sir!"

I went.

It was nearly nine o'clock, but I saw Hetta Lennox that evening, nevertheless.

"*This* is the valentine I meant to send you, Hetta," was what I said to her.

And ten minutes after she was crying on my shoulder.

In that reconciliation we had overleaped the barriers of friendship.

I had said, "How could you think me such a beast as to send any one a comic valentine?—*anyone*, no matter whom?"

And she had folded her little hands together, and had said, "Please forgive me!" And I—I couldn't help it—I kissed her, and it was done.

It is still a mystery in the family why cook left so suddenly.

Abbot is the only one I have taken into my confidence on that point.

AN ICE PALACE.—One hundred and fifty years ago an ice palace was erected at the whim of the Russian Empress Anne, who reigned from 1730 to 1740. One of the nobles, Prince Galitzin, having changed his religion, was punished by being made a court page and buffoon. His wife being dead, the empress required him to marry again, agreeing to defray the expense of the wedding herself. The prince, true to his new character, selected a girl of low birth. This was in the winter of 1739—40, which was one of extraordinary severity. By her majesty's command, a house was built entirely of ice. It consisted of two rooms, and all the furniture, even to the bedstead, was made of the same material. Four small cannons and two mortars, also of ice, were placed in front of the house and were fired several times without bursting, small wooden grenades being thrown from the mortars. On the wedding-day a procession was formed, composed of more than three hundred persons of both sexes, whom the empress—desirous of seeing how many different kinds of inhabitants there were in her vast dominions—had caused the governors of the various provinces to send to St. Petersburg. The bride and bridegroom were conspicuously placed in a great iron cage, on the back of an elephant. Of the guests (all of whom were dressed in the costume of their respective countries), some were mounted on camels, others were in sledges—a man and woman in each—drawn by beasts of all descriptions, as reindeer, oxen, goats, dogs, hogs and the like. After passing before the imperial palace, and marching through the principal streets of the city, the motley cavalcade proceeded to the Duke of Courland's riding house, where dinner was served to each after the manner of cookery in his own country. The feast over, there was a ball, those from each nation having their own music and their own style of dancing. When the ball was ended, the newly-married pair were conducted to their palace of ice, and guards were stationed at the door to prevent their going out until morning. The building is said to have lasted uninjured, in that cold climate, for several months.

Bric-a-Brac.

PIGEONS.—Carrier-pigeons were used by the ancients pretty much the same as they are by ourselves to-day. Pliny says that these birds were used by Brutus and Hirtius during the siege of a town by Marc Antony. In 1764, at the siege of Leyden, they were used by the Prince of Orange, and by their means he succeeded in freeing a town that was besieged. To show his gratitude, he ordered that the sagacious birds should be fed on strawberries, and that when dead, they should be embalmed with all honor. In Pliny's time, navigators on their safe arrival liberated them to convey the good news to their families.

THE FASTEST TRAINS.—A train on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad made the run from Hamburg to Buffalo, N. Y., 10 miles in 8 minutes. The locomotive Hamilton Davis and six cars, on the New York Central Railroad, in 1855, made 14 miles in 11 minutes. A new engine and two coaches, carrying W. H. Vanderbilt and party, ran from Amherstburg to St. Thomas, Canada, over the Canada Southern Railroad, 111 miles, in 98 minutes—no stop. Probably the fastest run ever made for any considerable distance in England was that of the special train carrying the Duke of Wellington from Paddington to Slough, 18 miles, in 15 minutes. But these are exceptional runs; what is of more importance is to compare regular time-table speed.

FLOWER CLOCKS.—Almost every flower has a time for opening or closing its petals, and a particular way of doing it. But there are some flowers which are regular clocks, and others are regular barometers. The common "chick weed" is sensative to cloudy weather, and the "pimpernel" or poor man's weather glass, hangs its head at the approach of a storm. There is a flower called "four o'clock," which opens at that hour. The "morning glory" opens at three o'clock in the morning, and closes about nine or ten, according to its location. The "evening primrose" opens between five and seven o'clock in the evening. Plants sleep just as animals do. When the little "marsilia," a water plant, goes to bed, its four leaves meet with a "click" that can be distinctly heard. Some petals droop in slumber, and others fold crossways, whilst a few curl up lengthwise.

QUEER LOCOMOTIVE.—A singular adaptation of the locomotive has just been made in Russia. Information having been given to the authorities at Alexandrovo, on the Polish frontier, that the locomotive of the express leaving that station for Warsaw had been ingeniously converted into a receptacle for smuggled goods, it was carefully examined during its sojourn at the station. Though nothing was found wrong, it was deemed advisable that a custom-house officer should accompany the train to its destination where the engine furnace and boiler were emptied and taken apart. In the interior was discovered a secret compartment containing a large quantity of foreign segars and several parcels of valuable silks. Several arrests were made, including that of the driver, but his astonishment at finding the engine to which he had so long been accustomed converted into a hardened offender against the laws was so genuine that he was released and allowed to go to his work.

HOLLAND IN WINTER.—In Holland the fun of winter life takes many forms, and winter facilitates locomotion, as the highways of summer available for ditches or canals become the best thoroughfares for those who skate. In this way, directly the ice bears, visits are made and distances travelled which cannot be done in summer; and instead of going round and round as we do here on a small confined space, the Dutch make up a party and pay a visit to some neighboring town or village. A bright winter's morning is always exhilirating, especially to those whose red particles are doing their work satisfactorily; how much more so when cheerful company, free exercise, variety of character, and constant change of scene all tend to mark the day as a red letter one, and, to crown all, comes the pleasant sensation of feeling deservedly tired, with a night's rest well earned! Should the frost be sufficiently severe, a river is most interesting, being on a large scale and partaking more of the character of a fair, which is the case, for instance, on the Maas, at Rotterdam.

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY.—It was not considered lucky to pare the nails of a child under one year old, and when the operation was performed the mother was careful to collect every scrap of the cuttings and burn them. It was considered a great offence for any person, other than the mother or near relation, in whom every confidence could be placed, to cut a baby's nails; if some forward, officious person should do this, and the baby afterwards be taken ill, this would give rise to grave suspicions of evil influence being at work. The same remarks apply to the cutting of a baby's hair. Doctor Livingstone, in his book on the Zambesi, says African tribes carefully collect and afterwards burn or bury the hair, lest any of it fall into the hands of a witch. Mr. Hunter mentions that the same practice is common among the Patagonians, and the practice extends to adults. He says that after bathing, which they do every morning, the men's hair is dressed by their wives, daughter, or sweethearts, who take the greatest care to burn the hair that may be brushed out, as they fully believe that spells may be wrought by evil-intentioned persons who can obtain a piece of their hair. From the same idea, after cutting their nails, the parings are carefully committed to the flames.

A DOUBTING HEART.

BY ANNE PROCTOR.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prison'd they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While Winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon (for Spring is nigh)
Shall wake the Summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quench'd in night,
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
Thy sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.—[CONTINUED.]

I SUPPOSE so," Mary sighed at last, in answer to Ninon's remark. "Your work is all finished. And, as Lady Davenant is alone, perhaps you had better say Monday.

"That will leave us another day or two together."

"You dear little Mary!" Ninon said earnestly, the tears rising in her eyes.

"Any one but you would hail the prospect of a release from this melancholy house."

"But you are in the house," Mistress Mary said, kissing her.

"Do you think I have lived with you all these weeks, you pretty, proud, puzzling Ninon, without learning to love you?"

Ninon laid down her pen, and put her arms about Mary, who was kneeling at the table by her side.

Her heart was too full just then for words.

"And I am jealous of Lady Davenant already," Mary went on, nestling closer to her.

"I know she will fall in love with you, like all the rest of us, and want to keep you in Daleshire for good."

Ninon shook her head, with a sad little smile.

"It is not at all likely," she said.

"I only hope she won't look upon me as an impostor, after Katherine's glowing account of my good looks. I am no longer Lady Ingram's Ninon of Dinard and of Dover Street, Mary.

"When Lady Davenant sees me in my black stuff gown and with my cropped head, perhaps she will send me back to you."

"I wish she would!" declared Mary.

"But there is no fear of that. You are a thousand times sweeter and prettier now, Ninon, than you were in the Dover Street days."

The girl shook her head again, and then, as Mary still knelt beside her, she finished her letter to Lady Davenant.

"There," she said, as she fastened the envelope—"that is settled! On Monday, dear Mary, you will go back to aunt Dorothy and Bevis and the ponies, who, I am sure, will be frisker than ever, and I shall take my first tottering steps into the future, like a child trying for the first time to walk alone."

"Yes," Mary assented absently. Her thoughts were evidently elsewhere. "Ninon," she added abruptly, as Miss Masserene stood up to ring the bell and send her letter to the post, "I suppose that you will sometimes see—your cousins while you are with Lady Davenant?"

Ninon looked at her in some surprise.

"Nothing less likely, I should say," she answered, flushing faintly.

"What on earth put that into your head, Mary?"

"Oh, I don't know!" Mary answered, blushing too.

"Only, as Lady Ingram is a friend of hers——"

"Oh—Katherine!" said Ninon indifferently.

"I dare say I shall meet her. But it will make no difference.

"She gave me my chance once, you know and I threw it away.

"Nor would I go back to her now, even if she would take me.

"I am tired of playing at being a fine lady, dear."

"But," persisted Mistress Mary, "was it not Madame Du Mottay who heard of this situation?

"And was she not very fond of you? Why should not she come and see you when you are at the Dower House?"

"Poor little Florry came to England under protest once," said Ninon, smiling, but sighing too.

"I am sure nothing will ever induce her to repeat the experiment."

"And—and your cousin Quentin is away, I think Mr. Beaufoy said?"

Miss Hawthorn blushed a little for her persistence.

But was not Ninon's happiness at stake? If she could only find out the truth! Was it not dreadful to think of that beautiful young creature going away from all those to whom she was dear for want of a word or two perhaps—for want of some friend who should dare to speak for her what her own sweet pride prevented her from saying?

"Your cousin Quentin has gone to America, has he not?"

"Yes," Ninon answered, with the blush that perhaps Miss Hawthorn had expected to see.

"Is Mr. Quentin Beaufoy like his brother?" she went on nevertheless, half surprised at her own audacity, and prepared to be again at any moment frozen into silence by the drawing up of Miss Masserene's white throat.

But Ninon only broke into a little bitter laugh.

"Quentin like Brian?" she said. "Ah, no, indeed!

"There never were two beings more unlike each other in every respect, brothers though they are.

"But"—impatiently—"why need we speak about them, Mary? Chance—fate—whatever you like to call it—brought us all together for a few months this year; but it is improbable that we shall ever meet again. They have gone their several ways, and I am going mine.

"I don't suppose one of them will ever bestow a thought upon me, and, as for me, I mean for the future to think only of Tiff and of her happiness."

There was nothing more to be said. And sadly enough Mistress Mary went to help Ninon with her packing; and for the day or two that remained they were too busy to indulge in any more confidential chats.

There was poor Sarah to be thought of. She wept bitterly at the notion of parting from her young mistress, and was not to be consoled by the news that she was to accompany Miss Hawthorn to Barnes, and to replace a departing housemaid at the cottage. There was the house to be given up formally to the agent, some books and music to be sent back to the Priory, where good Mrs. Burney once more reigned in solitary state.

There was a last visit to be paid to poor Mrs. Masserene's grave in the little churchyard on the hill-side, and then Ninon felt that the time had indeed come for her to depart and to leave the old life behind her for ever.

Miss Hawthorn insisted on seeing the girl off—there was a later train, she said, which would take her to London; and so the last thing Ninon saw was the steadfast smiling face of little Mistress Mary, who would not shed so much as one tear until the train was quite out of sight, and who then burst into such a fit of sobbing behind her thick brown veil as at one time she would have thought it impossible for Ninon Masserene to inspire.

It was late on that chilly January day when Ninon arrived at Wychfield, very tired and nervous, but resolute too, and more than ever determined to forget the past that she had left behind.

A footman was waiting on the platform, and came up, touching his hat, as the young lady in mourning descended from her third-class carriage and stood looking about her and shivering a little in the raw twilight air.

"Miss Masserene?" he said; and Ninon said—

"Yes."

And then he informed her that the carriage was waiting, and begged her to be kind enough to point out her luggage.

And in a short time Ninon was seated in the snug little satin-lined brougham, and being bowled swiftly along a smooth high-road, between leafless trees and tall brown hedges already growing indistinct in the gathering mists and darkness.

The girl could not help thinking that the road was like her own life, everything was so dark and uncertain about her just then. And how could she tell what was awaiting her at her journey's end?

Some sharp persistent thoughts returned to her again and again, and had to be fought against during the long bleak drive—thoughts of what might have been, but could never, never be.

She did not know how many hours had passed before the carriage turned in at a gate and she saw at a distance the warm lights of curtained windows glowing redly through the darkness and the dripping moisture of the wintry mists.

Of the outside of her new home she must wait for the morrow's daylight to judge; but, as the door was thrown open, and she went up a few shallow steps, the cheerful hall, warm with firelight and lamplight and brilliant with glowing flowers, seemed to smile a welcome upon the weary trembling girl and to renew her failing courage.

The butler, a very old man with white hair, informed her that her ladyship was dressing; and would Miss Masserene kindly excuse her coming down to receive her? Tea should be sent up at once to Miss Masserene's room, and dinner was not until eight, so that Lady Davenant begged she would rest quietly until the first bell rang. If she needed any assistance, her ladyship's maid would be pleased to wait upon her.

"Thank you," Ninon answered quietly; "I am accustomed to wait upon myself."

She could not help wondering secretly whether companions were always treated with so much consideration, and received like guests.

And, when she reached her rooms—a charming little sitting-room communicating—and saw the preparations that had been made for her comfort—the glowing fire, the pretty tea-table, the soft chintz-covered arm-chair drawn up to the hearth—she began to think she must be in a dream.

"How delighted Tiff will be!" was her thought.

"Lady Davenant evidently means to be very kind indeed."

And then a maid-servant brought tea and a delicious brown bread-and-butter, and begged that the young lady would ring when she wished for hot water, as there was still an hour before she need think of dressing for dinner.

Ninon was fast asleep upon the sofa when the first gong sounded through the tranquil house.

She was well-nigh worn out with her journey, and with the fatigue and emotion that had preceded it.

She had been dreaming that she was back at the Priory again, and that, as she was walking in the picture gallery, with a great bunch of jasmine in her hand, she heard a bell begin to toll, and asked some one—she could not see his face—who was walking beside her why it was ringing.

"Don't you know?" the voice at her side said—and it was Brian's.

"It is because she is dead.

"Ninon Masserene is dead!"

And then she woke to find the gong sounding in her ears, and to see that her fire was almost out.

"Ah," she said, starting up and pressing her hands to her head, "how horrible it sounded!"

She was shivering, though she was trying to smile.

"But it is true enough.

"The Ninon Masserene he knew is dead indeed—dead and buried out of sight for ever and ever."

When she was dressed, she went downstairs at once to find the drawing-room.

The house was evidently very old, and was full of delightful nooks and corners.

There was a deep oriel window on the first landing, and a minstrel's gallery looked down upon the firelit hall and the flowers blooming so brightly against its polished black-oak walls and brazen sconces.

The drawing-room reminded her—a pang shot through her heart as she noticed the resemblance—of the music-room at the Priory.

The wood-work was dark with age; there were deep-shafted windows with lozenge-panes and bluish green tapestry curtains; there were a few low-toned pictures on the walls, and a few, a very few bits of rare old blue delf on the antique brackets; and over all this, in the deep corners of the room, on the flowers that were blooming profusely here as well as in the hall, the light of a great picturesque fire was redly flickering and throwing fantastic shadows on the walls.

It seemed that there was no one there, and that she was the first to come downstairs.

She stood in the middle of the charming old room and looked about her.

Her slender black figure, her graceful head, with its short clustering dark curls, had a bank of red camellias and a sweep of blue-green tapestry for a background, and made a truly delicious picture in the firelight.

"My dear child," cried a sudden voice, "what did Katherine Ingram mean by saying that you were pretty?"

The girl started, and turned in the direction of the voice.

And then she saw that a lady who had been sitting in one of the arm-chairs by the fire had risen, and was looking at her with a frank stare of amused curiosity.

The girl colored guiltily as she submitted to this inspection.

She felt suddenly embarrassed by the scrupulousness of her short hair, of her cheap mourning gown, and of her wan cheeks.

"I am very sorry," she said, advancing once.

"It is the fever.

"I was not so ugly before I had the fever."

The lady put out her two hands, and, sitting down again, drew Ninon down to the footstool at her feet.

"Sit there and let me look at you," she said gently.

"I am afraid you will fade away and go back into your frame in some old gallery or other, you lovely thing!

"Ah! so that is what Katherine Ingram calls pretty, is it?"

She took the girl's face in both her hands and looked at it, until Ninon, blushing and laughing, could bear it no longer, and cast down her eyes.

"My dear, you are almost as pretty with your eyes shut, superb as they are!" cried Lady Davenant.

"Here was I looking for a pretty doll—and I like dolls when I can't get anything better—and, lo, and behold, fate sends me this!"

She let Ninon go.

She leaned back in her chair, and kept gazing at her still.

"I really did not believe," she said, as if to herself, "that there were such pretty women in the world."

"She won't send me away at any rate," was Ninon's inward comment upon her employer's raptures.

Otherwise she was indifferent to all this pretty flattery.

It seemed to her that it was her fate always to be raved about for awhile, to be petted, and dressed up and spoiled, and then—to be forgotten.

Lady Davenant's compliments did not impress her very much, though the kindness in her eyes and voice did.

And before she could answer, dinner was announced, and the lady of the house, rising, put her hand within her new companion's arm, and led the way to the dining-room.

She was a little woman, magnificently dressed in crimson plush, and inclined to be stout.

Beside her, Ninon looked taller, straighter than ever.

Lady Davenant looked up at the beautiful young creature with eyes of the most heartfelt admiration.

The dining-room was as pretty as the drawing-room, Ninon thought, with its dark old buffet and the stamped leather on the walls, and the shaded lamp hanging from the ceiling and shedding a strong light on the glitter of silver and clear, cool transparency of glass, and the heaped-up masses of scarlet leaves with which the table was decked.

Her own black gown was, she felt, the only one incongruous element in a charming picture, as they took their places, and Lady Davenant began to ask very kindly about her journey.

"You know your face put everything else out of my head for a moment," she said.

"It was not at all fair of Katherine Ingram.

"I was prepared for a doll, and she sends me a nymph—a Sir Joshua, a—I know not what!

"My dear child, I insist upon you eating your soup.

"As for me, my appetite is gone for to-night.

"I am thinking of poor Mr. Spoonbill, the curate, and Doctor Williamson."

Ninon looked at her, puzzled.

What was the matter with these gentlemen? she wondered.

Lady Davenant calmly explained.

"My dear child, they will both fall in love with you and suffer all sorts of useless agonies.

"Oh"—smiling absently—"you need not mind Marks!

"He is as deaf as a post.

"Of course you are accustomed to being fallen in love with?"

Ninon could not help laughing at this sally.

It was impossible to be offended, the lady's manner was so simple and so guiltless of all intention to offend or to wound.

The girl wondered whether her luckless face was to be made the subject of their daily conversation, or whether with its loss of novelty it would lose its charm.

She tried once or twice to introduce another subject; but the attempt was not a success.

When Lady Davenant was not gazing at her, she was lost in what appeared to be a painful reverie.

"Don't mind me, my child," she said more than once.

"I was thinking of poor Spoonbill and ——"

And of Doctor Williamson, Ninon supposed, suppressing a smile as the sentence remained unfinished.

When they went back into the drawing-room Lady Davenant begged Ninon to go to the piano. And the girl, as in duty bound, obeyed.

"I don't play very well," she said, frankly.

"May I sing to you, Lady Davenant, instead?"

"Do whatever you like, dear," the lady responded.

"I am happy to say I have a full view of your profile from here."

Ninon thought that it was a "companion's" business above all things to be amusing.

She racked her brain to think of some gay little song which might please her employer.

Nothing would come to her mind but a lively waltz song that Quentin used to sing for her.

She sang it bravely through, though with every bar there seemed to float back the smell of the jasmine on the terrace-walk and the rustle of the leaves round the open window of the music-room.

"My dear," said Lady Davenant, when the song was finished, "come here to me, by the fire."

The girl went over to her, and again she was asked to sit down on the stool at Lady Davenant's side.

The kind woman stooped forward and kissed her forehead.

"Why do you sing such songs as that?" she asked quietly, "when your heart is breaking?"

Ninon started, and would have risen; but Lady Davenant held her hands and kept her where she was; and then all self-control deserted her after her long and wearing day; she buried her face on her lap and broke into a passion of sobs.

Lady Davenant did not venture a single word.

Once or twice she passed her jeweled hand over the pretty, abandoned head upon her knee; but she let the storm wear itself out.

"I—I beg your pardon," Ninon stammered at last, lifting up her tear-stained face.

"I assure you that I am not often so foolish.

"I—I am very cheerful.

"You will not find me melancholy at all, Lady Davenant.

"I am only a little tired to-night. That is all."

"Poor child!" was the soft and gentle answer.

Lady Davenant gave her a few minutes more in which to recover herself, and then inquired:

"What was it? Was it because of your mourning?

"It was very thoughtless of me.

"Do you wear it for some one who was very dear?"

"No," Ninon said humbly.

She thought of the lonely grave on the hill, and wished, with a sharp pang, that she could have answered otherwise.

"What brings you here, my child?" Lady Davenant went on.

"Oh"—as Ninon started again—"you must talk to me this once, and then I promise never to plague you again!

"Why have you come to me, Ninon? It is such a pretty name!

"You will let me call you by it? Thank you, my dear.

"You have come, you will tell me, because you wanted a home, and to earn a little money.

"I understand that. But that is not what I mean.

"I mean how is it that you have not married?

"You have had offers, of course?"

"Yes"—sobbing a little still.

"And you have been engaged?"

"Yes."

"Are you engaged now?"

"No. It is broken off."

"And it was for that that the tears were in your voice?"

"No," said Ninon humbly, hanging her head.

"I—I did not love the man to whom I was engaged."

"But, my dear—you have been in love for all that?"

Ninon was silent; but a blush had risen to her cheeks.

"My dear, tell me," pleaded Lady Davenant.

The girl struggled with herself for a few moments; then she said, a look of misery coming into her eyes:

"Yes."

Lady Davenant again laid her hand on the lovely dark head.

"And you will marry the man you love some day?"

Ninon turned paler.

"No," she answered—"never!"

"It is—forgive me—poverty that keeps you apart?"

"No"—smiling sadly. "I have been poor all my life.

"Poverty has no great terror for me, though once it had."

"Then why?"

"I cannot tell you any more," the girl pleaded.

"You are so kind that it fills me with wonder.

"I hope you will let me stay with you until Tiff—my sister—leaves school. I will do my very best to please you."

"My dear"—Lady Davenant smiled gently—"I should be glad to think that I might keep you forever.

"But some day you will marry—for a home, for your sister's sake—for one of the hundred reasons for which women do marry every day."

"No," said Ninon quietly; "I shall never marry at all."

"Because of this man whom you love?" said Lady Davenant.

"Yes"—in a low voice, and, after a pause—"because of the man I love."

CHAPTER XLV.

NINON found that her duties were light, indeed, at the Dower House.

When she got up the next morning, breakfast was served her in her own sitting-room, and she was told that Lady Davenant never appeared until luncheon-time, so that the mornings would always be her own to do what she pleased with.

She made use of her first hours of liberty to explore the house, which was built on a hill, and surrounded by pretty old gardens laid out in formal alleys that were shaded by dense hedges of yew clipped into all sorts of fantastic shapes.

There was an ancient fish-pond, a sun-dial, a pretty walk at the end of the garden, with a low wall overlooking the purple mists of the valley.

And there was a wilderness of box-bordered beds, brown and bare now, but looking as if in due season they must be sweet with a profusion of flowers.

Far down, above the woods that clothed the slope, rose the dark-red chimneys and gables of another dwelling, evidently of much more imposing dimensions than the pretty gray and ivy house on the hill.

It was a mild and sunshiny morning for the first time of the year, and Ninon walked up and down the yew-walk at the end of the garden, trying to realize all the changes that had so lately come to pass.

Was it indeed true that her step-mother was dead, that Tiffany was away at school, that her own engagement with Dick was broken off, and that she was there in that strange house, earning her own bread, and feeling as if her life had suddenly snapped in twain?

She could not make up her mind which seemed the more unreal, the present or the past.

Could it have been the other day, only a few months ago, since she was flirting and laughing, and putting on three pretty dresses a day at the Priory—that she opened her eyes one evening in the library and found Brian looking at her—that she drove to Dingley with Quentin, and——

The girl shivered a little under her heavy cloak, and turned abruptly towards the house.

"I must not be always looking back," she said to herself. "I believe it will drive me mad."

And, remembering that she had assured Lady Davenant that she would find her of a sufficiently cheerful disposition, Ninon, as she took off her things, looked at herself anxiously in the glass, smiled, and rubbed her pale cheeks until they glowed with a faint pink under the pretty dark crop of curls she had so carefully arranged.

Lady Davenat was already in the drawing-room when the girl went down-stairs.

Her maid had established her by the fire with her book and her embroidery. She met Ninon with a smile.

"Oh, am I late?" asked Ninon.

"I am afraid I staid too long in the garden, and that you have been wanting me, Lady Davenant?"

"Not a bit of it, my dear.

"And, if you had been late, it would have been no great crime.

"Kneel down there on the hearth-rug, child, and warm yourself; your hands are as cold as two frogs."

And Ninon obeyed, some pretty impulse that she could not restrain made her hold up her face to be kissed.

She colored the next moment and would have drawn back; but Lady Davenant had put her arm about her shoulders and held her close.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" Ninon faltered. "I really forgot."

The only answer was the kiss for which she had mutely asked.

"What do you think of my garden?" asked the elder lady.

"I tell my son that he has nothing half so pretty at the Court down there."

"Ah, that is your son's house, the one with the red gables?"

"Yes, my dear; that is Davenant Court. It's empty just now, I am sorry to say.

"When my son married, I came away to my pretty house here on the hill.

"And now that he's abroad, and the Court wants somebody sadly enough to look after it, I have not the courage to go back.

"It is too big for an old woman to live in alone, and I have grown fond of my little nest, as I hope you will too, child, before long."

"Indeed I am sure I shall," Ninon answered gratefully.

"But your son will come back, I suppose?

"Have they been long abroad?"

"My child, there is only poor Robert himself," Lady Davenant replied, her kind face growing sad.

"He lost his wife and little son hardly more than a year after his marriage.

"Of course it was a great blow to him.

"Constance was an excellent creature, and devoted to him.

"But I hope that change of scene and time may do that much towards healing his wound, and that he may soon come back to his duties at home."

Ninon was not listening.

It was hardly a surprise to her to find that her employer was Sir Richard Davenant's mother.

The fact of the lady's intimacy with her cousin Katherine had in a manner prepared her for it.

But she could not help wishing that he might remain abroad, at least until the time of her service was at an end.

She had always liked the little Baronet very well.

She said now at once—

"I met Sir Robert before his marriage, Lady Davenant.

"He was at Dinard with his yacht while we were staying there, Katherine and I. And afterwards I saw him very often in London."

Lady Davenant looked at her in unaffected surprise.

It was evident that her son had never spoken of Miss Masserene.

"Robert met you three years ago," she cried, lifting up her hands, "and he did not fall head over ears in love with you, dear child?"

"Dear Lady Davenant," pleaded the girl, "I assure you that men have been known to resist my charms."

She was laughing, but her blush betrayed poor Sir Robert's secret.

"Well, well!" said his mother gently, kissing her again.

"It doesn't do to inquire too particularly into these little matters, I know.

"But at last I am able to account for poor Robert's marriage.

"Constance was an excellent girl, but painfully plain."

The announcement of luncheon saved Ninon from the necessity of making any reply; and, as she rose and helped Lady Davenant up from her chair, the little lady looked at her in a fresh burst of admiration.

"My child," she said "when you are able to lay aside your mourning, you must let me have the pleasure of dressing you according to my own fancy.

"You shall walk splendidly then in long gowns of brocade and velvet—nothing French or frivolous or modern."

Ninon smiled as she thought of her imperials full of Paris finery—finery that she would never wear any more—and Florry's eager interest in her daily toilet at the Priory.

Even kind Lady Davenant, it seemed, could not resist the temptation of dressing her up like a doll.

"Decidedly," the girl said to herself bitterly, "I was born to be a milliner's lay-figure.

"It is the only vocation I have been able to discover as yet."

Her occupations for the day were exactly what Lady Davenant's letter had enumerated.

"You are my maid of honor, my pretty Ninon," Lady Davenant explained.

"All I ask of you, child, is to be happy and to look charming.

"You are to me what theatres and picture galleries are to the women who can travel and go about.

"I am afraid only of one thing, that you will find your life too dull, and that you will come and say good-bye to me some day and go away."

"Indeed I am very happy, quite content," Ninon assured her.

"I will stay with you, if you will have me, until Tiffany leaves school."

The winter passed away quitely.

Lady Davenant was a confirmed invalid, and rarely left the house, except to drive to church, or to pace up and down in the sunshine in one of the old yew-walks for half an hour.

She wrote regularly to Miss Hawthorn, and rejoiced Mistress Mary's anxious little heart with the assurance that she was contented, well cared for, and growing stronger every day.

Her own chief joy was in the letters she received from Tiffany, who was evidently making great progress at school and winning all sorts of honors.

Once she wrote that Brian had been to see her, and that they had one of their long happy Paris days together again.

He had been so kind.

He had taken her out for a drive, and to the Opera in the evening to hear *Lohengrin*.

"I had so many parcels when I came back," the letter went on, "that I could hardly carry them.

"We talked of you, of course, little sister; and Brian told me that he had seen you before he left Marybridge, and wanted to know whether you were better, as he did not think you were looking altogether strong.

"I don't think he is quite well himself somehow; he was so absent and so silent all day long.

"But of course I know he must have a great deal to think of that I cannot understand; so I said nothing, and tried to be as little bother to him as possible.

"He went away next day—to Vienna, I think he said; but he has promised to call and see me again.

"Isn't he good?

"And he asked me to write to him.

"Of course I shall, if he wishes it.

"I am afraid my letters shall be very stupid, because nothing ever happens at school that could interest him; but, if he wishes for them, that is a very small thing to do in return for all his kindness he has shown me."

Ninon's tears were falling fast as she folded up her letter.

Yes, he was good to Tiff.

Tiff would have a friend for life in Brian Beaufoy—in him and in Mary Hawthorn—friends who could do so much more for her than she, with all her love and her good resolutions for the future, could hope to accomplish.

But she was not afraid, for all that, of losing her place in Tiff's heart.

Their letters to each other were full of the little home they were one day to make together, and Ninon was carefully hoarding up her earnings for the same sacred purpose.

The girl stood still in the fragrant old yew-walk and looked down through the blue mists into the valley.

Already the trees were budding in the woods about Davenant Court; rooks were sailing and cawing over her head; a sense of returning life was in the clear March air.

"The world is beginning again," she said, "as it begins again every year.

"The dead leaves were thick under foot as we drove yesterday, but overhead the chestnuts were breaking greenly into their new life.

"That is what I will do, please Heaven, for Tiffany's sake.

"The old follies and vanities are trodden under foot.

"When she comes back we will begin our new life, our spring, together."

A little sweet chill air blowing across the tree-tops below her had brought the color into her face; there was a happy smile upon her face as, hearing footsteps behind her, she turned round.

"Oh, Lady Davenant," she said, "you can almost see the leaves growing! What a delicious day it is!"

And then she stopped and uttered a little cry.

"Sir Robert!" she said, startled, seeing a gentleman, bearded, bronzed, eager, coming towards her.

But in a moment she frankly held out her hand.

"How delighted your mother will be!" she said, smiling at him.

"She did not expect you, I am sure, or she would have told me.

"She tells me everything; she is so kind and good."

"I made up my mind to come home only three days ago," he said, holding her hand in his and devouring her face with his eyes, "as soon as I read a great batch of my mother's letters which I found awaiting me at Nice."

"Indeed," the girl answered, smiling again. "I think it was time you came home, Sir Robert.

"Lady Davenant has been very lonely without you."

"I think so too," he returned.

"And you see I hurried off as soon as——" He hesitated.

"As soon as what?" Ninon asked, withdrawing her hand, which he still held.

"As soon as I knew who my mother's new maid of honor was," said Sir Robert, in a low and moved voice.

* * * * * *

"Mother," said Sir Robert Davenant abruptly, some days later, "what brings her here?

"What are her people about?"

"My dear Robert," the mother answered gently, "her step-mother is dead.

"She offended Lady Ingram, it appears, by engaging herself to her cousin.

"She has no one else in the world. What was she to do?"

"I thought the Beaufoys were her cousins?"

"Yes; but they are always abroad, she tells me.

"They lead a wandering life.

"And in any case she prefers to be independent."

There was a pause.

Sir Robert rose and began moodily to walk about the room, irritably taking up things and flinging them down again, and then wheeling round on his mother again, with his hands thrust into his pockets, he began abruptly—

"She is not fit to do anything.

"Can't you see for yourself, mother?"

"She is not very strong, certainly," assented Lady Davenant, her kindly face becoming anxious.

"But she has had an illness—a fever—before she came.

"And then the spring is often trying to a delicate girl."

She paused, as if awaiting his confirmation of her suggestion; but Sir Robert was silent again.

"If you had seen her as I saw her at Dinard and in London," he began again, after a long pause, "it—it would break your heart to see her now, mother."

The kind little fellow turned away, ashamed of his own emotion.

"Is she so changed then, dear."

"Changed!"

He broke into an inarticulate sound of distress, of compassion.

"And she is so lovely still!" the mother said.

"She was always the prettiest woman in the world," Sir Robert declared, "and the sweetest and most fascinating.

"But now——"

He rubbed his hand hastily across his eyes and turned on his heel.

"I tell you I can't bear to see it, mother. She is so quiet, and; though she smiles when she is with you, and all that, and does her best to appear cheerful——"

He broke off; he could not trust himself to speak.

The mother rose and laid a gentle hand on his shoulder, as he stood staring out of the window gnawing his moustache.

"Do you care so much, dear?" she asked, in a low voice.

He turned and caught her hands in his.

"I always cared for her," he said.

"I have never cared for any one else, and never shall.

"But perhaps, if I had come home and found her happy and flirting and full of nonsense, as she used to be, I could have borne it better; but now——"

He pressed his mother's delicate hands in his brown palms.

"Be good to her, dear—be very good to her, won't you, for my sake?"

The little woman laid her cheek against his arm.

"Dear," she said, in a tremulous whisper, "you know I will; but—you must not think too much of her, Robert.

"She will never marry.

"She has had a blow—I don't know who it was; but she will never marry——"

"Hush!" said the young man, as Ninon came in, carrying a great bowl full of scarlet anemones, which he hastened to take from her and place upon the table.

"Why do you tire yourself with all this rubbish?" he said half angrily. "Why can't somebody else do it?"

"Now, Sir Robert!" pleaded Ninon, with a smile.

"I should be very jealous indeed if any one else so much as looked at the flowers for Lady Davenant's room.

"It is my special privilege as her maid of honor.

"And you see, when I go down upon my knees before her, like this, and fold my hands very meekly in her lap, she gives me a kiss for my anemones."

Lady Davenant looked with quite a new anxiety at the sweet quivering face uplifted to her.

But Ninon laughed when some word was said about her pale cheeks, and declared that she was getting stronger every day.

That was her invariable answer to all remarks upon the subject of her health.

But it was impossible not to see, as the spring bloomed and flushed rosily into summer, that her black gowns hung more loosely upon her slender form, and that the shadows under her great heavy blue eyes grew darker and darker.

One day Sir Robert asked her very gently and very tenderly if she would marry him. He had found her sitting in the drawing-room, with an open book on her knee, and her eyes looking out from the dim deep old chamber, where the ivy fluttered in the warm June breeze about the edges of the glimmering windows.

She had looked round at him smiling, and suddenly, at sight of the exquisite wasted face, something had thrilled painfully within him, and in a moment he had taken her hand and asked her to be his wife—to let him take care of her.

The girl flushed and paled, and looked up at him with the great tears standing in her eyes.

"Dear Sir Robert," she said, "if I were free, I would say 'Yes,' because I have

never dreamt of such kindness as I have received from you and from my dear, dear Lady Davenant."

"Ninon," he pleaded, "I thought your engagement was broken off."

"Yes," she assented quietly. "But even then I am not free to marry.

"Please do not think me ungrateful. And—if, if"—her voice trembled—"if after this it will be painful to you to see me, I will go away.

"I——"

"Ninon," he said passionately, "do you want to break my heart?

"For Heaven's sake, never say such a thing as that again!

"Stay, my dear, and be a daughter to my mother, and let me love you a little, though you have no love to give me in return."

And so their life went on as quietly as before, and it was only an added gentleness in Sir Robert's voice and face that ever reminded Ninon of that hour.

The time was drawing near for Tiffany's holidays.

She was secretly counting the days.

Mistress Mary had written to say that aunt Dorothy expected Tiff to spend her vacation at the cottage, and that, if Lady Davenant could spare Ninon, they would be so very, very glad if she would come to them too, if only for a few days, that they might all be together once more.

The old rooms were ready for her and for her sister.

Bevis sent his love and a bark which said "Come!" as plainly as dog could speak.

Then came an ecstatic little letter from Tiff, who had also been made aware of these pleasant arrangements.

"When I think of it, I feel nearly crazy!" she said.

"Two whole months with my own sweet, pretty, darling Ninon!"

Ninon struggled with herself for some hours before she could make up her mind to go to the cottage.

But surely, since Dick was not at home, and since otherwise she could not see Tiffany, it would not be wrong to do so. And so she decided.

But it happened that Lady Davenant fell ill just about the time when Tiff arrived in London, and she required the attention of every member of her household.

Sir Robert came up from the Court and took up his abode at the Dower House.

A slight surgical operation had been found necessary, and for some weeks there was cause for anxiety as to the result.

The patient had a horror of hired nurses, and her maid, a devoted and trustworthy person in most respects, had the weakness of not being able to keep awake at night.

Ninon begged that she might be permitted to sit up with Lady Davenant while Honora slept.

"I have done it before," she said quietly. "Doctor Williamson can depend upon my doing exactly what he tells me.

"And it will make me very happy if he will trust me."

By the time Lady Davenant was able to be carried down stairs to the drawing-room again, Tiffany's holidays were all but over. But the sisters bore their disappointment in the bravest silence: Tiff knew that Ninon was only doing her duty, though indeed her nursing had been a labor of love for the kind woman who had been to her as a mother in her loneliness, and for Sir Robert, whom the girl regarded with a sincere and sisterly affection.

She made a little festival of Lady Davenant's coming down.

She decked the pretty old drawing-room with roses, and put off her mourning for one of the simplest of her pretty gowns. It was a very happy day for them all.

When Tiff's birthday drew near, and there was only a week left of her stay in England, Ninon begged Sir Robert one day to execute a small commission for her at Wychfield.

She had made up her mind to buy a little watch for Tiffany.

Tiff was eighteen now, and she had never had such a present in all her young life. It would make her so happy.

Ninon gave Sir Robert her purse and the most anxious directions, and, above all, urged him not to exceed the sum she had named, since she felt a little guilty in taking so much from the little home of which Tiff and she were always dreaming.

Sir Robert brought back a watch which was certainly the cheapest ever bought. It appeared that it had cost some few shillings less even than Ninon had expected.

The young man explained carelessly that in these little country towns one often picked up things at half the price they would ask in London.

And then the little box was made up into a parcel, and he undertook to have it despatched at once to Germany.

"No, to Barnes," Ninon explained.

"My sister has been spending her holidays with my aunt, Mrs. Strong."

"And you have not seen her yet!" cried Sir Robert.

"Why, the holidays must be nearly over!"

"Yes," Ninon answered, smiling, though her voice trembled a little.

"But Tiff knows that I would not leave Lady Davenant just now, even for her."

"Mother," cried the young man, going over to Lady Davenant's sofa, "do you know what this child has been doing?"

He told his story, though Ninon laughed and tried to stop him.

"Send her away, mother," he said, "to see about a room for her sister.

"I am going straight to London to carry off Miss Tiffany from her aunt.

"It will be as well for the young lady to see for herself before she goes back to Dusseldorf that we don't shut Ninon up in a dungeon, or load her with chains when she walks in the garden."

He went off, armed with a note from his mother to Mrs. Strong.

Ninon could not speak for tears; but Lady Davenant despatched her to see about the preparations for the beloved little guest, and all day long the girl was flitting up and down stairs, and in and out of the bed-room near her own, through the open windows of which the scent of honeysuckle blew in from the pretty old gardens, and the walls of which she had decked with flowers until it looked like a bower.

It was evening when the carriage drove up to the door.

Ninon heard it; but she finished counting the drops of Lady Davenant's medicine, and she remained at her side until she had taken it, and only then turned, with a fast-beating heart, as the door opened and Sir Robert came in, leading by the hand a charming young lady with auburn hair and a perfect figure and a sweet clever ugly face, at sight of whom she stopped short, hardly believing her own eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT FAIR FOR ME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

HE looks so irritatingly preoccupied too, does he not?"

"I have never looked at him."

"I have then, and I think him awfully handsome."

"I think him awfully ugly."

"I thought you had not looked at him!"

"But I may have seen him. Bab, will you sing something?"

"Presently.

"I am going to amuse myself with Mr. Hereward, Gladys.

"I think it would only be an act of charity to obliterate the image of Nettie Cavendish from his mind.

"It will also relieve the tedium of these dull days."

Some vague ideas of a warning to be administered to her friend flit through Lady Gladys's mind, but they do not find utterance.

Her interest in the subject is too small to waste upon it a single word.

If it is her friend's will to amuse herself after this fashion, let her so amuse herself. It is not Lady Gladys's idea of amusement; if it were, no doubt she would do the same thing herself.

But it is not.

Lady Gladys is too proud to flirt.

She has broken hearts—perhaps as many as Bab Middleton, but it was not done intentionally; it was pain and grief to her, and not an absolute necessity of existence.

The Countess dozes in her velvet chair, the Fraulein knits her white fleecy *couvre-pied*, the girls talk softly, Evie makes a nest among the sofa cushions, and falls asleep there.

The fire snaps and sparkles, and the little ormolu clock on the mantelpiece tinkles ten.

Then the door opens, and Hereward follows Lord Heriot and the little Doctor into the room.

Lord Heriot goes over to Evie, and laughingly shakes him out of his nest; the Doctor stands beside the piano, talking to Lady Gladys.

For a moment Hereward does not know what to do with himself—then he crosses the room quietly, and lets himself down into the ottoman beside Miss Middleton. He finds it very easy to get on with her. He answers her, and looks at her while she is speaking, and sees the dead gold ear-rings in her ears, and the dead gold bracelets on her pretty arms, and remembers with odd compassion how Blount had said, only a few days before they parted, when passing a jeweller's together, that of all the ornaments he had ever seen worn he admired plain dead gold the most.

Poor Blount!

"I hope I shall hear you sing to-night, Mr. Hereward," Miss Middleton said, with a smile.

They have been silent for a few moments listening to "*Lieder ohne Worte*."

"How do you know I sing?"

"I have heard it from very good authority. But won't you?"

"I think not.

"Who is your authority?"

"That I shan't tell you.

"But you may guess."

"Blount."

"No, not Mr. Blount.

"But you are pretty near the mark."

A shadow crosses Hereward's face. He does not guess again.

"Do you know the Pallisers of Woodleigh?" Miss Middleton is examining the clasp of her bracelet while she speaks.

"No, I do not. Why?"

"Oh, for no particular reason!

"I met Mrs. Cavendish at their house last week—the bride, you know.

"They have just returned from Paris, and everybody is inviting them.

"You knew her before she married Charlie Cavendish, did you not?"

She does not look at Hereward directly; but she can see the hand playing with her fan tremble a little; she feels like a cat playing with a mouse.

"Yes, I had that pleasure," Hereward answers coldly. "How did you make the discovery?"

"She mentioned your name to me.

"We were talking of her brother, and of her brother's friend, as a natural consequence.

"Did you admire her?"

"That is such a leading question that I do not feel called upon to answer.

"Did you?"

"No; not even as a bride, when she might have been expected to show to the best advantage.

"She is an insignificant little thing—no style about her.

"But, though you will not confess it, everybody knows that you are breaking your heart because she married Charlie Cavendish."

"Not quite," Hereward answers, with a straight cool look into her eyes, closing the fan and carelessly throwing it back into her lap.

Nettie Blount has apparently taken the bloom off his chivalrous feelings a good deal.

But Miss Middleton is a girl to whom a show of self-assertion—of rebellion even—in a victim, only adds zest to the contest.

She is so much accustomed to unconditional surrender that the variety is very pleasant to her.

"How well Lady Gladys plays, does she not?

"I like those dreamy *Lieder* so much!

"Have you seen the photographs of Venice they brought back?

"No!

"Then I must have the pleasure of showing them to you.

"They spent all last summer and autumn in Venice—till September.

"I should so like to see Venice! Shouldn't you?

"Eleven o'clock.

"Dear me, how late it is!

"I do hope this snow will disappear after Christmas.

"I quite long for a gallop through the roads of Kingscourt!

"But I think a white Christmas is so jolly, don't you?"

Hereward answers, as in duty bound, and lights her bed-room candle for her, and looks at her steadily as she bids him good-night.

But even the astute Bab Middleton cannot assure herself that she has made any progress towards achieving that little piece of amusement she has laid out for herself during the Christmas holidays, and she confesses as much—to her mirror—when she takes out the dead gold ear-rings before it that night.

But she is not going to allow herself to be foiled in this fashion.

CHAPTER VI.

I AM going to decorate the great hall myself," announces Miss Middleton at the breakfast-table next morning. "Will any one volunteer to help me?"

"I'll volunteer," Evie cries.

"May I, Miss Middleton?"

"Certainly, if you promise not to be too troublesome.

"I don't ask you, Lord Heriot, as I know you must be away all day."

Hereward knows she is looking at him; but he will not meet her eyes.

"May I count upon your assistance, Mr. Hereward?"

"I am afraid you would not find me of much use, Miss Middleton?"

"Why not?

"Have you never put up holly and ivy in your life?"

"I cannot plead that excuse. But I am rather stupid at such work."

"It is not work; it is play.

"Won't you come?"

What can he answer to such a direct request?

Nothing but that he will come, of course.

"You must have good fires in the hall," Lord Heriot remarks.

"That hall is always as cold in winter as the Arctic regions.

"It would take a ton of wood to warm it thoroughly.

"The servants are decorating down-stairs to-day.

"Have you heard of the ball we are giving, Miss Middleton?"

"Of course I have, and I am going to dance at it, too.

"And do you know whom I have fixed upon as a partner?

"That handsome gamekeeper of yours—Lord Heriot, I forget his name."

"I suppose you mean North. Is he handsome?

"A wild-looking ruffian I thought him. But how did you see him, may I ask?"

"I was downstairs this morning, looking at their decorations in the servants' hall. My friend Mrs. Jack the housekeeper introduced me into it; she is so proud of it all. And North was there, putting up sconces for candles round the walls.

"I thought him remarkably handsome—like an Italian bandit, you know."

"Is that the style you admire?" Lord Heriot says, rather piqued.

"Is it not an admirable style?

"I wonder who will be the belle of the ball to-night?"

"Have you not said that you are to be present?"

Miss Middleton makes him a laughing bow across the table.

"I can tell you that," Doctor Jones puts in, rubbing his hands.

"There will not be a prettier girl in the room than Anne Grace Trathaway, I don't care who is there."

"And who is Anne Grace Trathaway?" Miss Middleton inquires, perhaps a little piqued in her turn.

"Don't you remember her—the little girl who used to bring us the primroses the year before last?" Lady Gladys says quietly.

"Oh, that little thing? Where has she been ever since?"

"At school, I believe.

"I have not seen her since she came home; but Doctor Jones has made me quite curious about her.

"We shall see her to-night."

"How will they dress, these people? Full ball costume?"

"I fancy not.

"Merely their best Sunday gowns. But I really forget.

"Vere, I want you to do two or three things for me in the village as you pass through.

"I am so sorry that I cannot go down there myself."

"Why don't you put on a pair of thick boots and defy the snow?"

"I almost think I shall. Will you come, Bab?"

"That I won't!" Miss Middleton answers, shivering.

"I hate walking in snow.

"I am always afraid I shall sink right down into it; I am such a little thing, you know!

"Besides, it is so dreadfully unbecoming to me!"

"How is it unbecoming to you?" laughs Lord Heriot.

"It makes me look like a crow.

"But we will decorate the hall during your absence, Gladys, so you can't accuse us of idleness."

"I had no intention of accusing you.

"You must go over to Nettlewood early, Vere."

"Yes, at once.

"I suppose I may bring Cartwright over for these festivities?

"One is thankful for any amusement during a snowing-in like this."

The sun is shining gloriously upon the snowy landscape outside the window when they all rise together from the breakfast-table.

Lady Gladys feeds her peacock, and Hereward cannot help thinking, as he holds the window open for her, that snow is not unbecoming to her at all events.

Not even the cold, searching, refracted light can spoil her complexion.

Lord Heriot takes his departure, accompanied by the little Doctor.

Lady Gladys is summoned to the Countess's apartments.

The Countess had not taken much notice of Hereward the evening before.

In fact, beyond her formal note of invitation, written on crested paper and signed "Frances K.," and the solitary question "Do you find Kingscourt very cold?" put to him during dinner, she had taken no notice of him at all.

Miss Middleton causes fires to be lighted in the two fireplaces at either end of the great hall.

She also causes handsome sprigs of holly and ivy to be carried thither, and piled in the centre of the floor.

She likewise insists upon Hereward's leaving his book, and the library, and spending the morning in attendance upon her.

They have a great deal of chat and much laughter over their decorating, at least Miss Middleton and Evie chatter and laugh, and Hereward is not absolutely silent.

He finds himself called upon to scale inaccessible heights, to reach to impossible lengths, to prick his fingers unmercifully, to make himself thoroughly useful, and to look as if he enjoyed it.

Perhaps he does enjoy it—after a fashion. But when the luncheon-bell rings he declares that he will do no more, and Miss Middleton is fain to be thankful for having got him to do so much.

At luncheon Lady Gladys appears in her sombre fur-edged dre

She reminds Hereward of a Russian princess he saw skating on the Neva one day.

"Really going?" Miss Middleton exclaims.

"Gladys, are you not afraid to venture?"

"No, I am not afraid.

"These poor people in the village won't feel as if it were Christmas if I do not pay them my usual visit.

"There are a great many too old and infirm to come up here this evening."

"Is the Fraulein going with you?"

"No.

"I am going alone, since you will not come."

"Could I be of any assistance to you?" Hereward asks.

It is the first time he has ever addressed Lady Gladys Palliser in so many words.

"Thanks, I think not.

"I have not attempted to carry anything with me.

"Purcell can take the parcels down later. It is only a little way."

"If you will have them put together, I will carry them for you."

"Oh, thanks!

"You are very kind."

Her manner does not chill him, icy as it is.

He rather likes it.

"I am going to the village in any case," he merely observes.

He is acting as carver in the Doctor's absence, and acquits himself very well.

"I think I shall go, after all," Miss Middleton announces, looking out of the window.

"It will be so dull here when you are all gone!

"Will you promise to keep me from being buried alive in the snow, Mr. Hereward?"

"How can I prevent the catastrophe?"

"By clutching at me when you see me disappearing from view."

"If I have your forgiveness beforehand for such unceremonious behavior."

"One cannot mind ceremony when it comes to be a matter of life and death."

"If you look at the expedition in that light, I would strongly advise you to stay at home."

"Would you, indeed," Miss Middleton repeats suspiciously.

"Am I to understand that as a hint that you do not ardently desire my company?"

"I never hint."

"Do you not?

"If there is anything I hate in the world, it is those people who say they tell the truth at any cost!

"It gives them an opportunity of saying all kinds of rude things, and that is why they do it.

"Gladys, will you wait for me?"

"Most assuredly.

"But don't be too long, dear.

"The sun so soon disappears, and then the cold is intense."

Hereward is allowed to carry the basket, and Miss Middleton in her gray homespun, defies the snow, and laughs merrily when she sinks into the snowdrifts, and holds out her hands to Hereward to be extricated therefrom.

He has only one hand at liberty to assist her, but it's a strong determined hand, able to pull against any superincumbent weight of snow.

Lady Gladys walks in front, not talking much, but turning her head now and then to reply to her friend's gay chatter.

Her bright cheeks, her bright hair, her beautiful cold eyes, her velvet dress, are thrown out picturesquely by the dazzling background of the snow.

Hereward is not too much engrossed by his companion to watch her—to admire her, perhaps.

The village is some five minutes' walk—even through the snow—from Kingscourt, and it is reached by a sharp descent through the plantations above the lake.

Here Hereward leaves the two ladies, and goes to the post-office.

He has written to wish his friends a merry Christmas, and to tell him any news he thinks may interest him.

He tells him that a certain prophetic saying of his is coming true, and that he ought to practice the wisdom he preached.

Hereward does not wait the return of his companions in the village.

He goes home through the woods.

He meets the new gamekeeper near the stile leading out of the woods on to the lawn.

He is a surly-looking young fellow, handsome enough in a rather highly-colored way, with black eyes and eyebrows, a fresh complexion, and curly black hair.

Hereward passes him, he touches his cap with a searching, suspicious glance from under his shaggy brows—a glance which rather puzzles the recipient.

Hereward finds another invitation to dinner awaiting him.

He goes upstairs rather unwillingly to dress for this second dinner-party.

He would much rather sit in the library with his book.

But he cannot very well refuse the Countess's invitation.

He supposes he is asked to amuse Miss Middleton.

He feels more at home at dinner this evening, though at no time had he been overpowered in any way by the—to him—unusual state at Kingscourt.

He conformed himself to circumstances with consummate tact always.

Blount had often told him that, laughingly. Probably it was rather his careless indifference than any taking thought which made him appear always so thoroughly self-possessed.

He does not take Lady Gladys in to dinner, Mr. Cartwright has that honor.

But he can see her whenever he raises his eyes; she sits directly opposite to him, beside Mr. Cartwright.

Evening dress is terribly trying to that gentleman, it makes him look so exactly like a waiter.

Lord Heriot looks to disadvantage in it, but with a difference.

"I saw the prettiest little girl I ever saw in my life to-day," Lord Heriot remarks, while Purcell fills his glass.

"Didn't I tell you so?" exclaims Doctor Jones.

"Didn't I tell you so? You've been down to the mill?"

"Yes. Cartwright and I walked home that way, and I called in to hear old Trathaway's grievance.

"The roof is certainly in a bad way."

"But is she so very pretty?" Miss Middleton inquires.

"Stunning, I assure you.

"A regular beauty; there is no mistake about that.

"And she knows it as well as I do."

"I am dying with curiosity to see her. How did you manage to have an interview with her?"

Very easily. We walked straight into the kitchen, and there she was, peeling apples, or something of that kind."

"Is she dark or fair?"

"I really cannot say, but she is awfully pretty."

"She has red hair," Mr. Cartwright remarks, delicately disposing of two or three grapes.

"And do you also admire her?" Miss Middleton turns to him, laughing.

"No, she is too *prononcee* to suit my taste. I admire nothing so much as elegance in a lady."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Yes," Mr. Cartwright goes on, smoothing his own sleek red hair, "I could not admire a low-born girl were she ever so handsome.

"I like style, and an air of fashion, and all that kind of thing; I think it is of so much more consequence than good looks."

"Bah, you must sing for us to night," Lord Heriot says.

"Must!" Miss Middleton echoes.

"I shall not sing until Mr. Hereward promises in return to sing a little song for me."

"Of course he will.

"I didn't know you could sing, Hereward.

"What style do you affect?

"Sentimental, or patriotic, or comic, or what?"

"I do not affect any particular style," Hereward answers, with a cool smile.

Mr. Cartwright stares at him annihilatingly, but Hereward does not mind.

Mr. Cartwright wonders whether Lord Heriot knows whom he is treating as an equal—almost, if not quite, as familiarly as he treats him.

Hereward, the sizar; Hereward, the poor beggar who has not probably the second coat in the world!

Hereward, who has been known to go without his dinner so that he could buy books!

He determines in his own mind then and there, to let his lordship know all about this young upstart, and so manage to have him kept in his proper place, which is certainly not singing to the young ladies in the drawing-room at Kingscourt.

But meanwhile Lord Heriot puts his arm within Hereward's, and they all follow the ladies at once into the drawing-room.

CHAPTER VII.

"NOW," says Miss Middleton, pausing by the piano.

"Now what?" Hereward asks, standing beside her.

"Now sing. You must really."

"Must!" Hereward echoes in his turn, with a mutinous smile.

"Yes, 'must.'

"I will take no excuse."

"And what shall I sing?"

"Whatever you like."

Hereward sits down to the piano and sings "The Good Rhine Wine" in splendid style.

Miss Middleton feels that she would give her right hand could she have won in exchange his perfect time and tune, his grand voice, his perfect *aplomb*.

The spirited song takes them all by storm; it is rapturously encored, but Hereward shakes his head.

"Now sing something for me," Miss Middleton pleads softly.

"For you!" he repeats, and there is a touch of her own coquetry in his eyes as he begins, looking up at her.

"Love thee, dearest—love thee?"
Yes, by yonder star I swear!"

And Bab Middleton, listening to it fancies that this dark captive is chained to her chariot-wheels at last.

"I wish I could sing like that!" Lord Heriot admits frankly.

"Why, Herewrrd, you're no end of a swell at it.

"It was too bad of you to keep it to yourself all this time!"

Lady Gladys stands by the *jardiniere*, and tells Mr. Cartwright the names of the rare flowers it contains.

She is looking straight before her at the group by the piano—only because they come directly within her range of vision perhaps.

But the first notes of the song arrested her attention, and now she listens, though answering her companion's questions all the while.

"Will you give me a sprig of that myrtle?" Mr. Cartwright asks, putting out his hand.

"Would you not rather have this lilac?

"It is very beautiful."

"No, give me a bit of the myrtle. Do you know what it means?

"I want nothing but that."

Lady Gladys plucks a spray of myrtle and gives it into his hand.

But she has never removed her eyes from the other end of the room.

Mr. Cartwright fears that his elegant little speech is thrown away.

But he puts the myrtle in his coat and looks very sentimental.

Hereward leaves the piano when he has sung his second song, and Miss Middleton takes his place.

She sings very well; and Hereward listens to "The Message" and "When Sparrows Build," and others of his favorites.

Lady Gladys looks at Mr. Cartwright with less dreamy eyes, and answers him with less absent words.

Presently they bethink themselves of the ball and the necessity of putting in appearance thereat.

Lord Heriot gives his arm to his mother, Lady Gladys follows with Mr. Cartwright as a matter of course, and Evie runs to his friend.

"I'm going to take you down, Miss Middleton.

"You promised to dance with me," he exclaims.

"So I will, Evie.

"But I am afraid you are too little to offer me your arm."

"Oh, no, I'm not!" Evie cries. "Come along."

As they approach the scene of festivity, the noise of dancing feet and violins becomes almost deafening.

The servant's hall is in a blaze of light and crowded with people—so densely crowded that Miss Middleton is obliged to remain at the door for a few moments, her presence unnoticed in the welcome given to the Countess and Lord Heriot, who have just passed.

But the heat is oppressive, and she is very well content to remain there for the present.

The decorations, if not high art, at least look very well in the glare of the hundreds of candles.

The violins commence again in a few moments, and also the clattering sound of dancing feet.

Miss Middleton looks in and laughs, and makes observations upon the company in asides to Hereward, who seem to be rather bored.

"There—that is Anne Grace Trathaway! I remember her now.

"Well, I don't think her so pretty after all! Oh, bother that old woman!

"She will stand between me and the dancers!

"Yes, there she is again.

"Do you see her?

"No—that girl in the red garibaldi, dancing with—yes, I do believe Lord Heriot is dancing with her!"

Hereward looks, but does not share in Miss Middleton's excitement.

The girl is pretty—more than pretty.

There cannot be two opinions on the subject.

But her face is too much like the wax effigies in a hairdresser's window to please Hereward.

She has red auburn hair, and she has also that opaque milk-white skin which usually accompanies red hair.

Her face is simply perfect in color and outline; so far as mere physical beauty goes, it challenges criticism.

The face is only too perfect, if such a paradox may be permitted, to be perfectly beautiful.

But the girl's figure spoils her; it is clumsy, too much inclined to *embonpoint*, too short for the head and face.

Her dress is above her rank in any way, a brown silk skirt and scarlet jacket, with a bow of red ribbon in her hair.

She has not chosen the colors most becoming to her; but she cannot spoil her face or complexion by any bad taste in that respect.

She requires no complimentary colors to bring out her own gorgeous tints.

She gets compliments enough of another kind from Lord Heriot to-night.

Hereward watches the little Viscount with amused eyes.

He seems quite struck with the loveliness of his rustic partner.

The Countess wearies of the heat and noise in a very few moments, and is conveyed away by Doctor Jones.

Lady Gladys soon follows her, but Miss Middleton dances with Hereward and with Evie and others before she returns to the drawing-room.

Lord Heriot dances very often with Anne Grace Trathaway, though both Mr. Cartwright and the little Doctor are also aspirants for her hand.

Hereward laughs at their rivalry, but Miss Middleton fears the girl will be spoilt by so much attention.

"Look at young North," she whispers to Hereware, while they wait their turn to dance in a quadrille.

Lord Heriot has taken the top of the set with Anne Grace Trathaway, and the gamekeeper, leaning against the wall at a little distance, is watching with a peculiarly baleful look in his black eyes.

"He looks dangerous," Hereward says, laughing.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

MONKEY TRICKS.—There are no animals about which so many funny stories have been told as the monkey. All the tricks and rascalities of the animal kingdom have been laid at his door. The Englishman who wrote to his correspondent in Rio Janeiro to send him two hundred varieties of the monkey plant, and forgot to write the word plant, had consequently received word from his correspondent that he had received and shipped 173 varieties of monkeys, and could procure no more, was probably thinking of their many blunders and tricks when he himself committed the blunder that cost him so dear. Most of the stories are based on the monkey's power of imitation.

A Spanish mule-driver once invested his scant earnings in purchasing a number of red woven caps, which form the crown of the turban worn throughout Turkey and Africa, and set out to make his fortune in the interior. He started before sunrise, and when the heat of the day came on lay down to sleep beneath a tree in a wood. Taking off his hat he opened his valise, and, putting on a red cap, was soon asleep.

When the sun was low in the horizon he awoke, and to his horror saw the trees filled with monkeys in red caps. They had seen the Spaniard put on the red cap before going to sleep, and followed his example. The poor Spaniard stamped his foot in anger, and tore off his red cap and threw it on the ground, when, blessed and unexpected result, all the monkeys followed his example. He picked up his hats and went on.

When the small-pox once raged in South America, and broke out with violence among the monkeys, a cunning French physician secured an old baboon and in his presence slowly vaccinated a young monkey on the fleshy part of his fore-arm. He used a protected lancet, so that the wound could only be made of a certain depth, and, retiring, soon had the pleasure of seeing the old baboon vaccinate another monkey as carefully as he had done.

DEPEND upon honest and true convictions, and, with a carefully arranged plan of action, go bravely to work in the substantial hope of achieving success.

Scientific and Useful.

DYES.—Aniline dyes are now made fast in cloth by sending a current of electricity through it from one plate to another, the two plates being connected to the two poles of a voltaic battery.

MURIATIC ACID.—An Italian scientist proposes diluted muriatic acid for the preservation of meat and of animal substances for scientific purposes. The proportion of acid to organic matter is not stated.

TO MEND IRON POTS.—Mix finely-sifted lime with some white of eggs till a thin kind of paste is formed; then add some iron-filings. Apply this to the fracture, and the vessel will be found to be nearly as sound as ever.

COLLARS.—Buttoning on a collar is cruel work for the nails when the linen is thick and sternly starched, and the button is large, and closely sewed; but here is a way to meet the difficulty—dip the button-hole for ten seconds into water.

ALUM AND FIRE.—Water saturated with alum is recommended as a speedy remedy for extinguishing fires. The proposition is based on the theory that the alum would coat the objects wetted with it, intercept the access of atmospheric oxygen, and thus stay the combustion.

THE TOAD.—Soon the marshes will resound with vocal noises which many doubtless will attribute to frogs. Those sounds, however, come from the throats of toads—not frogs. Only the male toad sings, and when visitors to the country seat themselves on door-steps, in the pleasant evenings of May and June to listen to the singing of the frogs in a neighboring mill-pond they are in reality listening to the singing of male toads. So says Professor Bickmore.

LEATHER AND TANNING.—Experiments have been made which show that leather may be produced without any tanning matter, by simply driving the water out of the pores of the hide by means of chloride of calcium and anhydrous ether, and this leather is capable of being re-converted into its original state of hide by leaving it to steep in water. It also appears that, in the process of tanning, the special agents are not absorbed by the hide in an invariable quantity, but that the proportions depend on the degree of concentration, and on the nature of the solvent. According to this theory, to penetrate into the hide, to enfold the fibres, to cover them with a precipitate by surface attraction—this is the only part played by the tanning principles. Owing to their presence, the fibres during the drying of the hide do not form a horny mass, but remain supple and flexible. Thus, leather is to be considered a mechanical mixture simply.

Farm and Garden.

CORN.—To measure corn in crib take 4-5 of number of cubic feet, which equals the bushels of corn on cob. Divide by two, for the number of bushels of shelled corn.

THE POULTRY.—Whitewash the poultry-house inside and out, this month. Before the lime-wash is applied, a wash of kerosene or crude oil should be applied to every point of the interior surface—floors, ceilings, roosts, nest-boxes and all. This is easiest applied with a good whitewash-brush; and after it has dried a little the lime may be similarly applied. This will head off the vermin for one month, at any rate.

AS TO HOGS.—A fat hog is no test of good pork. Flesh must be healthy to be good. As a general thing fat hogs are not healthy animals, nor is the pork the best quality. The wise buyer would prefer, for his own use, the hog that is not so fat as to be unable to help itself to its food. The blood ought to be pure, and to have this so, the hog must be able to move about easily. The over-fattened hog has impure blood, hence impure flesh. Besides, no one wants all fat to the sacrifice of the lean.

HORSE-SHOEING.—Some one speaks sensibly in the following, in regard to horse-shoeing: Two evils result from shoeing horses, which are rarely guarded against. The shoes are allowed to stay on too long, and thus the hoof becomes cramped, and the horse liable to become lame. Secondly, by frequently and carelessly pulling off shoes, the hoof is liable to become broken. All this can be avoided by care and attention, but the better way is to do without shoeing when possible. If the hoof of the horse be tough, there is no necessity for shoeing for any kind of farm work.

THE FARMER.—The farmer should study the laws of concentration. He should learn how to concentrate his crops into the best paying articles. Does he consider that butter, beef, pork, mutton, and cheese, represent only a certain amount of grass, hay, and grain that his farm produces? That instead of selling the raw commodities he can, by putting them into these articles, get much better returns for his products? His study should be how to transform the raw products of his farm into something that is concentrated, and that will bring him most money. What he raises has to go to some market. By condensing it, little freight will have to be paid, and thus much will be saved. A farm is not only a farm; it is, or should be, a factory for changing the raw products into articles of general consumption that have a commercial value the world over—that are of the best quality, that keep well and sell well, and bring prices that will pay well for the skill, labor, and capital employed in producing them.

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SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 21, 1892.

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ONE THING AT A TIME.

Some eminent authors say that the human mind is capable of attending to at least half a dozen things at a time; but we have no hesitation in saying that no man or woman ever attained to greatness who attempted more than one thing at a time. It is the concentration of energy and attention upon a given object which gives the mastery of it. Many people fail because they are always ready to take hold of some other thing before the work which they have in hand is half done. It is better to do one thing thoroughly than a dozen things imperfectly. We may have too many irons in the fire at the same time—more than we can handle with impunity. "A bit here and a bit there" is the rule with some persons, and the result is that they do nothing but slip-shod work.

It does not follow, however, that in the higher occupations of life a man should always confine himself to one thing. While he is doing any one thing, let him give his undivided attention to it; but a little variety of employment is not inconsistent with thoroughness.

A German scholar is said to have expressed his regret on his dying bed that he had devoted his life to the study of two Greek particles, when it would have been the wisest course for him to have confined his study to only one. He must have been rather a dry sort of man.

One may be at the same time a poet, a philosopher, and a historian; he may excel both as a painter and a sculptor; but he cannot work with the brush in one hand and the chisel in the other; he must be content to do one thing at a time.

There is nothing which more seriously impairs the tone of the mind than desultory reading—the careless dipping into one book after another, and never dwelling long enough anywhere to find out what the author means.

A gifted person may, perhaps, be able to skim a book, and get all the cream, and then retain it for use—taking in a whole page at a glance; but most people, if they would hope to profit by reading, must be willing to walk slowly when such a person runs.

In any pursuit, if we only keep on going, and do not allow one thing to lap over another, so as to make confusion, we shall come out right enough in the end. The tortoise won the race because, although he was deliberate, he kept straight on. The hare lost it because of friskiness.

Every brick in a great edifice has to be laid singly. Every thread in a garment must be spun on its own spindle. Every letter, and space, and stop, must be placed in the compositor's stick by itself. Great results come of doing one thing at a time. Chaos sometimes comes when we try to do more.

When we work, we should work; and when we play, we should play. Work becomes wearisome when it is continued too long, and play ceases to be play when one does nothing else.

We read of people who divide the day into sections, appropriating so many hours to work, and so many to recreation, and so many to their meals, and so many to sleep. They live by rule. This is not always practicable, and it is not always desirable. If one gets fairly to work, and feels he can work, it may be well to keep on until the task is accomplished, without regard to the striking of the clock. When the steam is fairly up it is well to take advantage of the fact, for in certain moods we can accomplish more in an hour than we could in half a day when the action of the mind is slow. As long as the iron is hot we had better keep on striking. A man may live by rule without allowing himself to become a victim to rule.

A LIFE of earnest work and positive benevolence is the great safeguard against the selfish and slavish misery of over-sensitiveness, and the more resolutely do we embrace the one the more entirely shall we escape the other.

EXCLUSIVELY dwelling upon ourselves, on our own virtues, failings, and experiences, weakens our power of sympathy with others, while it increases our acuteness of sensibility as regards self.

DOUBT indulged soon becomes doubt realized.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT is said to be as dangerous to life and limb to ride one mile in a passenger elevator as forty on a surface railway, or the chances of a safe delivery to the passenger is as forty to one in favor of the railroads.

—

A CERTAIN newspaper has been at loss to account for the great amount of unnecessary tooting by locomotives running through the city. Investigation resulted in the discovery that the engineers blow signals for wives or children to bring luncheon to the depot, or to announce that they will be at home, or to waken a sleeping chum, or to salute a sweetheart.

—

AN eminent English artist tells his countrywomen that extreme tightness of dress is a very hazardous experiment. Even beautiful arms, when very tightly enclosed, look not a little like sausages. But it is always to be remembered that folds, with their infinite changeableness of shape, light, and shadow, are more beautiful than anything, excepting that perfection of form which is rarely found.

—

A CINCINNATI physician is under criticism. He found himself in a case which baffled his knowledge, and when the patient grew steadily and hopelessly worse, he did not acknowledge his dilemma, nor ask for a consultation. On being dismissed, he refused to place all the information in his possession at the disposal of his successor and left the sick chamber in confusion, declaring that he would rather see the man die than saved by another's skill.

—

HOSPITAL promotion, says the Nineteenth Century, has become a regular trade in England. Men make a business of preparing lists of noble subscribers, whose names can be got for decoy circulars, and a steady system of begging does the rest. As a result of this, among the ninety-three hospitals in the metropolitan district, with a total income of $2,565,000, the income of the general hospital decreased $180,000 in four years past, while that of the special hospital increased $75,000, and the character of the latter is steadily deteriorating.

—

NEW YORK society, so it is written, has decided that when a gentleman and lady meet on the street the one who first sees the other should bow. The old rule, that the gentleman should wait for the recognition of the lady is declared obsolete. The lady still retains the privilege of not noticing the gentleman if she feels so inclined, that is, after he has taken off his hat, she may cut if she wants to. Well, perhaps it is the best plan. Under the old usage, the gentleman could never be satisfied when a lady passed him without recognition whether she intended a cut or merely did not see him. By the improvement he will be left in no sort of doubt.

—

TEACH your boys that a true lady may be found in a calico dress as frequently as in a velvet one. Teach them that a common school education with common sense is better than a college education without it. Teach them that one good, honest trade well mastered is worth a dozen beggarly "professions." Teach them to respect their elders and themselves. Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak ones. Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace. Teach them that by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst forms of dissipation, they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls.

—

THERE are three elements that combine to make a true marriage—health, love, and sympathetic companionship. No man or woman physically weak should marry, and thus entail suffering on others. Love does not mean passion; it is based on understanding. Men and women should know each other behind the curtain, as it were, before marriage. Unhappy lives always result from imperfect knowledge before marriage of the characteristics of the partner in the contract. Love makes sacrifices; passion never. No husband or wife has ever known true happiness until after the birth of a child. Men and women on the plane of marriage stand equals. There should be sympathetic companionship in the sense that an irreligious person should not marry one who is religiously inclined, or an unintellectual person one who is of opposite taste. There should be sympathy and fellowship between husband and wife in all the pursuits of life.

—

THE law of England now prescribes that every furnace employed in working engines by steam, and any furnace in any mill, factory, dye-house, distillery, etc., shall be constructed so as to consume its own smoke. With skilful arrangement of fuel, it is not impracticable to reduce the smoke nuisance. The first conditions necessary to its consumption are found to be such a disposition of the furnace as will insure a supply of atmospheric air sufficient for complete combustion; and also a suitable disposal of the fuel itself, in order that the vaporized carbon may be brought in contact with the air in a sufficiently hot condition. With careful firing, it is well understood that even an ordinary furnace will produce comparatively little smoke.

—

WE are told often enough by a certain class of practical observers, that success depends chiefly on industry and perseverance, and we are ready to admit that these qualities are prime factors in the equation of individual prosperity, but precedent in importance, and most decidedly the key to the final result, is adaptation. Seven out of every ten men whose industry and fidelity in their calling as mechanics, store-keepers, lawyers, literary men, etc., etc., cannot be questioned, and who are dependent entirely upon their own efforts for support, are to be rated as unsuccessful, and though the practical observer above mentioned may be ready with a hypothesis to account for their failure, what they may allege can be summed up in one phrase—out of place.

—

BUT after all, the real mission of a piano in the house is this—a place for a young lady to sit and idly turn the leaves of a blackback book, and a something for a young gentleman to hang over and now and then breathe softly in the young girl's ear to let her know that he is growing weak, but still lives. It is an affecting sight to see a young man hang over a piano in good form. One must not bend too low, as if he was looking for a lost sleeve-button or a nickle, nor yet be too rigid or inflexible, like a tobacco-sign or a weather-vane. A compromise of these attitudes with a little oblique leaning toward the stool and its occupant is about the correct thing in piano-hanging. Now and then, by way of novelty, an attempt is made on a grand social occasion to actually play the piano. A dismal young man leads an exhaustive young lady to the piano. The sombre young man slowly lifts the lid, as if he were about to view the remains of the last relative he has on earth. The young lady runs her fingers wildly over the keys—there is a sob, a wail, a vociferation of violent grief, a cry of comfortless despair, and all is over. The young lady sinks upon the nearest sofa. The young man lowers the lid, turns away and is seen no more.

—

As regularly as the season comes round, some people begin to dose with so-called spring medicines. Many of these are compounded of roots, herbs and barks, with the addition of inferior spirits and have different degrees of merit to recommend them. There are no remedies superior to fruits, which should be freely used. Oranges and bananas come at just the right time to meet the demand for a change of diet required by the human system. They are nourishing, healthy and palatable, and, partaken of in suitable quantities will render medicine almost unnecessary. Fresh maple syrup, perfectly pure, is another of nature's peerless preparations found in her great laboratory, of the same demulcent and mucilaginous quality as the sassafras and sarsaparilla, and a most agreeable adjunct to the bill of fare. To learn to regulate one's diet at all seasons of the year, without having recourse to medicine, is worth any one's attention who desires an immunity from the sufferings of indigestion and the horrors of dyspepsia, headache, and other complaints arising from the use of improper food. Prunes and figs are good for those who are confined to sedentary habits. Some like the figs boiled for fifteen or twenty minutes, and eat them with cream at the breakfast table.

THE HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

BY L. L.

If I should die before you, love,
I pray you do not keep
Your woe beyond the first few tears
The world will have you weep;
But say: "I make his heaven less
By moaning thus in dreariness."

And plant my violets white and blue
Above my place of rest,
And tend them with those dear, kind hands
I have so oft caressed;
And say: "These flowers were his last will,
And for his sake I watch them still."

And when the Spring that I so loved
Shall flush the land with life,
I pray you seek my quiet grave,
But not with tears, sweet wife;
And, if the flowers in bloom shall be,
Say: "Lo! he sends his love to me."

The Missing Witness.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

"I'M afraid it's a bad case," I said to myself as I laid down my brief after reading it over for the third or forth time, and leaned back in my chair to reconsider it for about the twentieth.

"A bad case and I am sorry for it."

I was a barrister, young both in years and in professional standing, and this was the first brief of any importance.

My client was an Italian sailor named Luigi Bernini, and the crime of which he was accused was robbery; the plunder being the life-long savings of a woman upwards of eighty years of age, which the poor creature kept hidden in the thatch of her little cabin.

The witnesses were the old woman herself, who had been stunned by a severe blow from the perpetrator of the theft; and a neighbor who deposed to having met the prisoner in the immediate vicinity of the cabin.

When Bernini was arrested a few days later, a foreign coin, identified as part of the stolen hoard was found in his pocket. This however he accounted for, by saying that he had picked it up while coming along the road.

The weak point in the chain of evidence was a scarcely perceptible hesitation on the part of one of the witnesses.

She had at first declared positively that prisoner was the man she had seen going towards old Joan's cabin, and had afterwards adhered to this statement, with what appeared to be dogged obstinacy, rather than real conviction.

The prisoner himself positively denied having been in the neighborhood at all on the day of the theft, but unfortunately he could not speak with certainty as to his whereabouts.

He had lately been dismissed from hospital, scarcely convalescent, after a bad fever; his own ship had left the port, and he had been rejected by the captains to whom he had offered his services, as not being sufficiently robust for an ordinary sailor's work.

He had a little money left, and he therefore took to wandering aimlessly about the country, intending, as soon as the Columba returned, to ship aboard of her again.

His mind had been weakened and confused by his illness, and although he knew that for several days preceding and following that of the theft, he had been in a part of the country fully twenty miles distant, he could not possibly say where he had been, or to whom he had spoken on the day in question.

Many inquiries had been made, and many persons interviewed who remembered the "the poor foreign chap," but no accurate information as to dates was forthcoming.

As the testimony of a person who had extended her hospitality to him, "either of a Tuesday or a Thursday, she couldn't rightly say which," would not, unfortunately, carry much weight in a court of justice, I had to trust for a defence to the cross-examination of the witnesses, whose character for veracity I hoped, by judicious management of the usual forensic weapons, to compel them to annihilate with their own lips.

I much regretted the want of evidence, as I was strongly prepossessed in favor of the prisoner.

There was something frank and honest in his face making it difficult for me to believe him guilty of the cowardly crime of which he was accused.

Besides, as I have said, it was my first important case, and self-interest and professional instinct alike prompted me to desire its successful issue.

But of this I had little hope.

I laid aside my brief at length, and went up to the drawing-room, where I was greeted by my cousin and hostess with a somewhat petulent reproof for having lingered so long over those musty old papers.

Alice and I had been children together—a big girl and little boy—we had grown from play-fellows into friends, and since her marriage, Carrigarvan had been my resting-place in assize times.

I was at no loss to understand the cause of her vexation at my tardy appearance.

She was somewhat of a match-maker, and having no one but myself on whom to exercise her talents, she had devoted them exclusively to my service.

She had already decided on a suitable wife for me, and was now exerting herself to the utmost to bring about the marriage ceremony.

The chosen young lady was present, and I knew that Alice was much annoyed with me for devoting the evening to my brief instead of to Dora Lyne.

The latter was the daughter of a solicitor in good practice, and was herself a very pretty, bright-looking girl, who would be a most desirable wife for a young unknown barrister.

Miss Lyne, seeing that Alice was vexed with me, and wishing, I think, to show that she did not share the feeling, called me over to look at some prints and photographs which she was examining, and we were soon deep in a discussion of their merits.

"Alice," said Miss Lyne at length, "did you show Mr. Lestrange the sketch you found in the book?"

"No," said Alice; "I forgot it.

"You will find it in that volume of the 'Stones of Venice' on my table, Richard. It is really a beautiful sketch.

"I wonder how it came to be forgotten in the book."

I brought the book to Dora Lyne, who turned over the leaves until she found the drawing, which she at once put into my hands.

The moment I saw it, I uttered an exclamation of surprise which brought my cousin ot once to my side.

It was a spirited water-color sketch of a man's head—a dark, foreign looking face surmounted by a red cap.

It was, however, neither the skill of the artist nor the picturesque beauty of the model that attracted my attention; it was the fact that in the somewhat peculiar features of the latter I recognized my client, Luigi Bernini.

"What an odd coincidence!" said Alice, when I had explained.

"I wonder who could have taken the sketch—some one who knows how to handle a brush," she added, looking critically at it a moment.

"See, here are initials and a date, but they are so faint that I cannot make them out."

"Let me try," said Dora; "I have good sight."

She took the sketch over to the lamp and scrutinized it closely.

"W. M. D., but I cannot make out the date.

"Stay, I have it.

"May 10th, 18—"

"May 10th—why, that was the very day of the robbery," I said.

Then the full significance of this date flashed suddenly upon me, and I absolutely turned giddy.

"The alibi!" I gasped—"if we could find the man who did that sketch, we might succeed in proving the alibi."

Dora Lyne grasped my meaning with ready quickness.

"Morrison's Library, the book came from, was it not, Alice?

"They ought to be able to tell you there who had it on, or immediately after, the 10th of May."

"And the person, whoever she or he is, will have to be hunted up," I said "and there is so little time.

"This is Monday, and the trial is fixed for Wednesday.

"I suppose Morrison's is closed by this, Alice."

"Indeed, it is," she answered.

"You would find no one there now but a caretaker.

"You must just wait patiently until to-morrow, Richard."

I had perforce to wait; as to the patience with which I did so, the less said the better.

The following morning found me at Morrison's Library.

On explaining my business, I was referred to the clerk in charge of the library department, from whom I totally failed to obtain the required information.

The young man who usually attended to that part of the business, was away; if I could call next week——

I intimated with what appeared to me, at the time, most praiseworthy self-control, that next week would not do, giving a partial explanation of the circumstances.

But the clerk, although apparently willing to help me, professed himself quite unable to do so.

"You see, sir," he said, "if you wanted to know what book any subscriber had out at a given time, I could probably tell you, but as for ascertaining the whereabouts of a special book—it's an impossibility.

"If you like to look over our entries for yourself you are welcome to do so."

I accepted this offer, and spent a good part of the day turning over the blotted pages wherein were inscribed the names and course of reading of the subscribers to Morrison's.

An unprofitable morning's work it turned out to be.

The record was to all appearance imperfectly kept, and I failed to trace the second volume of the "Stones of Venice" through a period longer than three weeks, during which time it had twice changed hands.

Some hours were spent in hunting up the persons in whose possession it had been for that time, neither of whom could give any information about the sketch.

An application to Bernini himself proved fruitless.

He had remembered that a lady and gentleman whom he had met during his wanderings had asked him to sit for them, but he did not know who they were, nor could he even make it clear where the incident had occurred.

I returned home at dinner-time, tired and baffled, to report my failure to Alice and her husband, from whom I received much sympathy but no suggestion of any practical value.

I had given up hope, and was endeavoring to dismiss the subject from my mind, when late in the evening the door-bell sounded, and a message came up that a person wanted to see Mr. Lestrange.

Going down, I found waiting for me a bright-looking boy, one of the shop-assistants at Morrison's, who had been for a short time aiding in my investigation of the entries.

"I think I have what you want, sir," he said to me.

"It was in my mind all day that I had given out that book to some one, I couldn't think who, and a chance word that I heard this evening brought it all back to me like a flash.

"It was to Mrs. French of Redcourt that I gave it, and it must have been on the 3rd or 4th of May.

"Here is the lady's name and address, sir."

He handed me a slip of paper on which was written "Mrs. French, Redcourt, Kilcarran."

It was in Kilcarran or its neighborhood that, according to Bernini's own statement, he had spent the day on which the robbery had been committed.

Thanking and dismissing the lad, I returned to the little drawing-room with my prize.

The next step was to communicate with Mrs. French.

Kilcarran was fully fifteen miles from Carrigarvan, and the trial was to begin the following morning.

"Hand me over that railway guide, Dick," said Alice's husband.

"I thought so—no train before ten.

"There's nothing for it but for me to drive to Kilcarran the first thing in the morning—the mare can easily do it in two hours—and if I find that any one there can give any evidence worth having, I'll bring them back with me, and have them in court before the case for the defence opens."

The trial began next morning, proceeding at an unusually rapid rate.

It seemed to me that the learned counsel for the prosecution had never before put forth his wisdom and legal knowledge in so condensed a form.

The cross-examination of the witnesses was of course in my hands, and I did my best to make it as tedious as possible, totally failing however in my attempts to confuse them, or cause them to contradict themselves.

My only hope now lay in the unknown witness, and of him there were no tidings.

The case for the prosecution closed and the court adjourned for lunch.

I was standing in the bar-room, thinking over my speech for the defence, and mentally re-arranging my sentences after the manner of the most prosy member of the circuit, when a note was handed to me:—"All right—the witness is in the Sheriff's room."

Going into the Sheriff's room, I found my cousin, accompanied by a strange lady and gentleman.

"This is the prisoner's counsel," said the former, as I entered.

"Allow me to introduce:

"Mr. Lestrange—Miss Darcy, Mr. French, of Redcourt, Kilcarran."

I turned to the lady as her name was pronounced, and, I am afraid, forgot to bow, in my surprise and delight at recognizing in the tall, fair-haired girl before me, my dream of the last six months; my unknown love, another glimpse of whom had been my chief desire ever since I lost sight of her as she stood on the platform of the little road station where she had alighted.

"It was Miss Darcy who did that sketch," said my cousin, "and she remembers all about it."

"Yes," said the girl, "the sketch was taken at Kilcarran, on the 10th of May.

"I know all the circumstances perfectly well, and should have no difficulty in identifying the original."

Having by a few hurried questions convinced myself of the value of Miss Darcy's testimony, I took her and her brother-in-law into court, placing them where they had a full view of the prisoner.

Miss Darcy looked attentively at the latter for a minute or two, and then said decidedly—

"Yes, that is the man."

I opened the case for the defence in as few words as possible, and then called up my witness—Winifred Darcy.

She gave her evidence very well, in grave concise language, without irrelevance or circumlocution.

She stated that she lived at Redcourt with her sister, Mrs. French, and that on the 10th of May she and her cousin had spent the greater part of the day sketching by the river-side at Kilcarran.

About two o'clock, a gust of wind carried her hat into the stream, whence it was recovered by the prisoner, who happened to pass by at that moment.

Interested by something in his appearance, they tried to enter into conversation with him, but without much success, his English being very imperfect.

They, however, managed to make him understand that they wished to employ him as a model, and he sat to them patiently for more than an hour, at the end of which time he went away, with many expressions of gratitude for the money they had given him.

Miss Darcy would have been certain as to the date, even if it had not been affixed to the drawing (which was produced in court), as her cousin had arrived at Kilcarran on the 9th of May, and left on the 11th of the same month.

Cross-examination failed to cast any doubt on the accuracy of Miss Darcy's evidence, while her veracity was, of course, above suspicion.

The jury professed themselves satisfied with the evidence, and declining to hear counsel for the defence, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty."

The prisoner was seized upon by some of his compatriots who were serving on the mixed jury, and carried off in triumph, somewhat dazed by the change in his prospects.

Sometime afterwards, a man dying from the effects of a hurt received in a drunken brawl, acknowleged himself guilty of the crime which Bernini had been arrested for.

He was also an Italian, and bore sufficient resemblance to his countryman in height and complexion, to account in some degree for the mistake of the witnesses.

As for me, I date the begining both of my professional success and of my life's happiness from the day of Bernini's trial.

Not a Blunder.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

IF Miss Matty Rice had gaped once since breakfast, she had gaped a score of times, and even pretty Eveleen was growing drowsy over her embroidery by the window.

For it was a hopelessly rainy day in mid-October, with the sky veiled in dark gray mist, the tinted leaves floating down into matted layers of dim color around the columns of the piazza, and the tall dahlias nearly prostrated by the continual downpour.

No walks, no gathering of ferns, mosses, berries, in the still delicious woods; no dreamy rambles to the mountain tops, and worst and saddest of all, nothing for me to read.

"And I won't be deluded into working worsteds," said Matty, "nor yet into crewels and Kensington stitch.

"Eveleen, where is that delightful little book that papa was reading from last evening?"

"Do you mean the 'Recreations of a County Parson?'" said Eveleen, comparing two shades of rose-colored wool.

"If that's the name of it—yes."

"He took it to the city with him," said Eveleen.

"I saw it sticking out of his coat-pocket when he was running for the train."

"How provoking," sighed Matty, clasping her dimpled hands above her head; "when it's the book of all books that I should like to read on a day like this."

"Mr. Winton has a copy of it," said Eveleen, threading a needle with the very darkest shade of garnet.

"But what good will that do me?" said Matty, disconsolately.

"Borrow it," suggested Eveleen.

"Everybody borrows in a place like this; and I'm sure Mr. Winton would be glad to oblige you."

"But how?" urged Matty.

"The hotel is at least half a mile away."

"Send Nora."

"Nora, indeed! I don't suppose Nora ever did an errand in her life," said Matty.

"Then it's high time she began," Eveleen suggested.

"Write a note, and——"

"I'd rather send a verbal message," said Matty; and I wouldn't send at all if I was not dying to read the end of that story that papa began last night."

Nora, deep in the energetic occupation of cleaning the kitchen stove, was summoned up-stairs.

"Nora," said Matty, "I want you to go to the hotel.

"You know where the hotel is?"

"Sure an' I do, miss," replied Nora, with her mouth wide-open, and eyes of intense attention.

"And ask for Mr. Winton, and tell him that Miss Matty Rice sends her compliments and would like to borrow the 'Recreations of a County Parson.'"

"Yis'm," said Nora.

"You're sure you understand?"

"Yis'm, an' why wouldn't I?" promptly retorted Nora, rather nettled by this implied aspersion on her powers of comprehension.

"And come back as quick as you can."

"Sure an' it's me that will," said Nora.

And presently the two sisters caught a glimpse of her stout Milesian figure beneath the folds of a rusty waterproof cloak, with a mammoth cotton umbrella held over her head, disappearing behind the huge leaves of the rhododendron hedge.

"I hope she won't be long," said Matty.

"Why should she?" said serene Eveleen.

And she went on composedly with the pomegranate blossom that she was embroidering, while Matty sat down to the little piano, and tried to pick out the notes of some dreamy little refrain which had haunted her ever since she heard it at the opera last winter.

And Nora, plunging down the ravine like anything but a wood-nymph, dashed away to the hotel, going a quarter of a mile out of her road on account of a spotted snake, and stopping for a good chat with a fellow-Hibernian who was on his way to the post-office.

"There," said Nora, as she turned away to Teddy O'Hara, "an sure I've forgotten the name as clane as if I niver had heard it."

"Whose name was it, alanna?" consolingly demanded Colonel Ross's coachman, whose soft nothings had put the message so completely out of Nora's head.

"There was somethin' in it about the 'Rectory of a Country Parson,'" said Nora, twisting herself into the letter S with the violent attempt at recollection to which she forced herself.

"There ain't no rectory hereabouts," said Teddy.

"Sure it ain't built yet.

"But the parson, he's up on the hotel steps.

"I seen him there as I came boyant. A tall young gintleman, with a high vest—for all the wurreld like Father Rockwell—an' spectacles as glintin as ye plase.

"Is it a message you've got for him, Nora, mavourneen?"

"I'm to borrow him," said Nora, fixing her dull eye on Teddy O'Hara's astonished face.

"To—borrow him?" repeated Teddy.

"Yis, sure," Nora answered doggedly.

Teddy uttered a whistle.

"It's the quarest loan as iver I heard of," said he.

"An', if it's fair question, who is it wants him?"

"Miss Matty Rice's compliments," repeated Nora, with parrot-like promptitude, "and she wants to borrow the parson."

Teddy exploded into a laugh.

"Sure, an' if it was leapyear," said he, "I should think it meant something.

"I niver heard such a message in all me born days before.

"But I must make haste, or the post will be too late for me."

Away trudged Teddy, stopping ever and anon to laugh in the dripping autumn woods, while Nora kept on to the hotel, all unconscious of the curious transformation that had befallen her luckless message.

"Is the parson here?" demanded she, shaking her umbrella until it sent forth a miniature water-spout of flying drops.

The hotel clerk, who had just come out to glance at the barometer, stared at her; the young ladies on the wide verandahs giggled; the stout old gentlemen, who were walking up and down the boards to gain their daily two hours of exercise, stopped short; and a spectacled, grave-looking young man, who was talking to a young lady just beyond, glanced around, as if he fancied that he was personally interested.

"Do you want the clergyman?" said the hotel clerk, doubtful, yet polite.

"Is it a stone-mason or a chimney-swape I'd be manin' d'ye think?" retorted Nora, beginning to imagine that she was being made game of.

"I am the clergyman," said the spectacled gentleman, stepping courteously forward at this juncture.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Miss Matty Rice's compliments," said Nora, without in the least abating the shrillness of her voice, "an' she wants to borrow you."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Fontaine, "but—I'm not quite sure that I understand you."

"I'm spakin' the English language, sure," said Nora, somewhat affronted "She wants to borrow you."

"But what for?" said the parson, ignoring the titters o' the group which was now fast gathering on the verandah.

"To amuse herself wid this rainy day," said Nora.

"You're to come back wid me, plase, sir.

"I was to bring you.

"Miss Matty Rice's compliments, and ——"

"Really," said Mr. Fontaine, "this is very strange."

"The Rices live in the little Swiss cottage by Haldine Falls," suggested the hotel clerk.

"Gentlemen goes up and down to the city every day.

"Keep a little pony carriage, with ——"

"You're to come back wid me, plase," said Nora.

"The 'Rectory,' or 'The Country Parson.'

"Miss Matty Rice's compliments, and ——"

Mr. Fontaine, hurriedly surveying the situation in his mind's eye, decided that it was better to obey this strange behest.

And putting on his water-proof, and arming himself with a light silk umbrella, he accompanied Nora McShane.

Miss Rice was listlessly watching Evaleen's embroidery, as the door bounced open and Nora rushed in, exclaiming—

"Here he is!

"I've brought him!"

"Brought whom?" said Matty, in surprise.

"Why the country parson," said Nora.

"There wasn't no rectory.

"I inquired for it, but it wasn't built."

"What on earth is the girl talking about?" said Matty.

And then Mr. Fontaine walked in, holding his hat in his hand.

"I am the clergyman," said he. "Can I be of any use?"

Mattie colored a deep cherry pink.

"Oh, dear, I am so sorry!" she faltered; "but there is some dreadful mistake here."

"I sent Nora to the hotel to borrow a book, and she has brought me back—a man!"

"A book?" said Mr. Fontaine.

"Yes," said Matty, trying harder and harder to keep back her laughter as the comic side of the circumstances forced itself upon her.

"'The Recreations of a Country Parson.'

"Mr. Paul Wiuton has it."

Mr. Fontaine began to laugh, so did Matty and Eveleen, and in five minute they were the best friends in the world.

Mr. Fontaine stayed to lunch, and they never knew how that long rainy morning whiled itself away.

And when the family closed their cottage and returned to the city, the two young men discovered that the journey to the city was not such a very long one.

And there is every probability that the lacking rectory will be built in the spring, and that the country parson will bring a pretty young bride there—at least, so says popular gossip.

"Dear, stupid old Nora!" said Matty Rice, "t was all her doing.

"She shall have a home with me always."

She will not concede this to be a blunder at all.

Only—a coincidence.

The Roses of the Rhine.

FROM THE FRENCH.

IN the year 1105, in a chateau in Germany (which to-day is only a mass of ruin) lived Count de Hammerstein and his two beautiful daughters, so beautiful that they were called "The roses of the Rhine."

But notwithstanding this, they were a source of constant grief and disappointment to their father; for he would willingly have given them both for a son, who should transmit and perpetuate the noble name which he had inherited.

Often when they were spinning threads finer than the gossamer webs of the morning, or embroidering stuffs as flowery and variegated as the meadows in May, he would cry out in anger—

"What are you doing?

"Are those your marriage robes?

"What are you doing—is that my funeral shroud?"

And they, knowing his grief, would reply so tenderly—

"No, father, they are not our bridal robes, for we shall never marry!

"And it is not your burial shroud.

"God grant you may stay many years with us."

It happened that one night when the Count was very sad, when the wind was whistling mournfully around the battlements, the rain beating in torrents, and the frequent flashes of the vivid lightning making the darkness still deeper and darker that at the outer gate of the castle they heard a tremendous knocking.

It was a strange thing at such an hour and in such a storm, for who would have climbed to their mountain home when they might have stopped in the valley below.

Soon a servant entering announced that an old man seeking shelter, was waiting at the postern gate.

Trembling with fear, the daughters followed him, and soon they returned, supporting between them a venerable stranger whose dripping and mud bespattered garments showed that he had made a long and weary journey.

The father rose to meet them, and great was their astonishment when at his first glance at the traveler he fell upon his knees before him.

True hospitality was always found in the home of Count de Hammerstein.

Whoever might be the guest, the seat of honor at their board was his, and in their most luxurious chamber he would rest his weary limbs; but they could not understand their father's deference to him.

"You recognize me then, Wolf, my old friend," said the stranger.

"Oh, my Emperor!" cried Count Hammerstein.

"Why have you left your palace at Ingelheim or at Colonge?

"What has happened that you come alone and at such a time, knocking at the door of my dwelling?"

Then the daughters know that the old man, whose trembling steps they had supported, was none other than the Emperor Henry IV., and they gazed at him with wonder, veneration, and respect.

"My old standard bearer," replied he; "I am no longer either king or emperor.

"Yesterday I was a prisoner, and to-day I am a fugitive!"

"And who!" exclaimed the Count; "who has dared to raise his hand against the anointed of the Lord?"

"The one who should have defended me before all, and against all," replied the traveler.

"It is the one who bears my name.

"It is Henry, my son!"

Then the young countesses covered their faces, while their father, in surprise and sadness, at the name of his son, was speechless, while the poor king groaned deeply.

"Yes, it is my son," he continued.

"A message that he was sick in his castle at Klopp came to me.

"You know how I loved him.

"I lingered not a moment, not even to summon my guards.

"I could risk and defy all danger for my son.

"I mounted my horse and departed.

"I traveled night and day, praying constantly that the Lord would take the few years which might remain to my life and add them to his.

"At length I arrived.

"A guard was awaiting me.

"I thought it was to do me honor.

"I begged only to be led to my son.

"They pointed to the staircase, which I mounted with haste.

"I hastened from room to room calling my son.

"As I went forward, I heard the doors closing behind me, and the bolts grinding in the locks.

"Then a cold trembling seized me; not that I feared for myself, either for my soul or my body.

"But I began to understand what was passing around me.

"I was undeceived now.

"The message which he had sent me was a snare.

"He had counted upon my tenderness, and I was his prisoner!"

"A son! a son!" murmured the Count.

And the daughters retreating still more, stood wondering in the shadows, while the royal visitor went on with his sad story.

"I passed fifteen days thus, believing that he would still enter and fall at my knees, and whenever the door opened, I would stretch out my arms, hoping to clasp him to my heart.

"One evening the soldier who was guarding me, entered my apartment.

"'My Lord,' he said; 'hear you the noise they are making in the city?

"'The diet of Mayence, presided over by your son, have deposed you and are enthroning him.

"'It is he who is Emperor now, and they are coming to this castle to search for the crown, the sceptre, and the globe which are deposited here; but intrust yourself to me.

"'I know of a secret way by which you can escape, and I will protect you.'

"'And who are you?' I asked; 'you who offers his support to one whom his son betrays—whom his friends renounce—whom the heavens forget, and the earth abandons?'

"'Who am I?

"'Alas! my Lord, only a poor soldier; but in my youth I vowed to attach myself eternally to your fortunes.

"'I was with the army when the revolt of the Saxons forced you to flee from the city of Harsbourg.

"'I belonged to your escort when you crossed over the Alps in Italy.

"'I was in the combat at Mersebourg, and was left wounded upon the battle field.

"'Since then misery and distress have been my portion, but it is God I doubt not who has led me to you in this manner, and now seeing my Emperor so unfortunate, when not only his liberty is taken from him, and perhaps still worse, his life is in danger, I remember my vow at Worms.

"'If you wish to flee, the poor soldier will be your guide.

"'If you wish to fight, he will defend you.'

"'Many thanks for your fidelity,' I said, 'but; you must keep your devotion for some future hour and other circumstances, for to day I cannot fly from danger.

"'You are still my master and Emperor,' he answered.

"'Your will shall be mine for me: you shall ever be upon the throne.'

"And with these words he left me to my determination and to my fate.

"I alone knew the place where the insignias of the Empire was deposited, and the apartment where I was incarcerated still held that safely, and touching a secret spring, they lay exposed to me.

"I girded on the Sword of Charlemagne; I placed the crown upon my head; I threw the royal mantle over my shoulders, and hearing them coming I took the globe in my hand, and stood ready to meet them.

"At the sight of me they recoiled, for they had expected to meet a suppliant prisoner, and not a commanding Emperor.

"'What brings you here, Ruthor of Mayence?

"'What seek you in the castle of Klopp, Archbishop of Colonge?' I demanded.

"For an instant they stood silent, with eyes fixed upon me.

"Then Ruthor, my ancient enemy, found words to answer.

"'We come to take from you that which no longer belongs to you.

"'The diet of Mayence have deposed you.

"'The church has rejected you from her bosom.

"'Resign to us that which she forbids you to wear.

"'That which belongs now to your son, the Emperor Henry V.

"'Deliver to us that sword and crown; yield up the imperial mantle and globe!'

"'Come then and take them,' I replied, with a scornful laugh; for I avow to you I did not think they would presume to lift a hand against their Emperor.

"But Ruthor hurled himself upon me, drew from me my crown; the Archbishop following, tore from me the imperial mantle; while the others, copying their example, snatched from me those consecrated emblems of authority—my sword and my sphere.

"And then from the threshold of my chamber even to the staircase and the court went up the wild cry of the populace—

"'Long live the Emperor Henry V., our magnanimous and rightful sovereign!'

"The same evening I was taken to the palace of Ingelheim, where I remained five months a prisoner, until one day the door of my dungeon opened, and the old soldier of Klopp appeared again before me.

"'My Emperor,' said he; "it is still your faithful servant who returns to offer you his services.

"'I am to guard your cell till midnight, and if you wish to follow me, you are free.'

"Without delay I surrendered myself to his girdance, but very soon the soldiers of my son, the King, were in pursuit of us.

"Then, faithful to the end, the old soldier took my garments, and clothed me with his, and they defeated in their purpose followed him, while I have come seeking your chateau, knowing that here I should find shelter."

"My Lord!" exclaimed the Count; "in that you are not deceived.

"My all is at your disposal: my home and its owner—everything is yours."

And saying this, he brought forward his best garments and clothed him.

He ordered for him a sumptuous repast, and when refreshed, he led him to a peaceful chamber, where with drawn sword he watched all night as sentinal before his door, and gloried in the service.

When the morning dawned the fugitive was on his way, and the happy father, clasping his daughters fondly in his arms, thanked Heaven for such angelic blessings, and never did Count Wolf de Hammerstein wish that his children had been sons instead of daughters.

F. A. MITCHELL.

LOVE AND WHISTLING.—Orientals, as a rule, are not good at whistling.

In fact, it may be said sweepingly, and with no violent injustice, that they cannot whistle at all.

The Madrasi and the Indian in general, even in their boyish days, are too staid and decorous to whistle.

Chinese and Burmese boys are as noisy and mischievous as any English boys could be, but they do not whistle; they develop noisiness in other ways.

But when a Talaing falls in love he may at once be detected by the assiduous way in which he practices whistling at furtive moments during the day.

He never attains to excellence, and often at the end of a long courtship makes wild slips and puffs in ungraceful and jerky fashion before he gets to the sounding point.

The courting whistle is not, therefore, at all calculated to entrance the soul, even of the loved object, still less of those who have to listen whether they like it or not.

But it has one advantage.

It does not make so much noise as the fiddle and it does not go on so long, whether the lady is expeditious in her preparation or not.

The whistling Talaing has no staying power.

A quarter of an hour's whistling, if it be only at one single note, exhausts him, and he has to rest his cheeks before he can start again, and thus a respite is granted to the neighborhood.

But these pauses make the situation awkward to the girl, and gives rise to a new complication.

It is, of course, very nearly quite dark, and she may be imposed upon by a bold adventurer who simulates the favored man and comes up the moment the neckerchief is dangled through the chinks of the floor as a signal to announce that the coast is clear.

Accordingly the visitor is required to put his hand through between the interstices of the bamboo floor.

The girl recognizes her lover's hand, and, if it is all right, and she is inclined to favor his suit, she takes hold of it, and thus hand in hand they unfold their hearts to one another.

But if it is a strange hand, or if she is inclined to be coquettish, she clips his fingers with a pair of nippers, and tales are told of over-enegetic damsels who have actually nipped a man's finger-joints off with that formidable instrument.

Courting on these terms is rather perilous work, and the young ladies have gallant gay Lotharios very completely under their control.

Still, the hope of a talk, with the girl's hand clasped in his own, reconciles the Talaing youth to dangers of this kind, and he show no desire to give up the old national custom for the more comfortable Burmese method of formally meeting the young lady in her own chamber.

It cannot be satisfactorily proved that the substitution of young friends for the old people on the occasion of courting interviews of this kind is at all a system which has results worth striving after, and all Eastern notions of decorum rise up in revolt against the impropriety of allowing sweethearts to have clandestine meetings and stolen walks alone in lovers' lane.

Better endure hours more of the fiddling and whistling than suffer that.

PHYSICIANS are the only professional men for whose exclusive use the Government provides at Washington a free circulating library, supported at the public expense.

ESQUIMAUX are said to be able to see objects at a much greater distance than Americans or Europeans, and this remarkable keenness of vision enables them to spread intelligence by means of sign telegraphy over hundreds of miles in a single day.

"The only Thing that ever did me any Good."

Writing on the very remarkable improvement in her condition which followed the use of a single Home Treatment supply, a patient at Walworth, New York, says: "It has been about one month since I used up my three month's supply of Oxygen, and I am feeling quite well again. Do not have any cough now, nor hoarseness. It is the only thing that ever did me any good, and I thank you very much for the wonderful good it has done for me. I do all my work—can walk quite a distance. Do not seem to get tired. I have not done so much work for almost two years as I do now. Could but just get around the house when I first commenced using the Oxygen." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action, and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Fortune's Favorite.

BY HENRY FRITH.

ELLA LOWE was very handsome, and the only child of a wealthy merchant. She dressed perfectly, and had every possible accomplishment.

When she entered a room she somehow threw all the other girls into shadow.

A crowd gathered about her chair, and recognized beauties pouted in indignation at their neglect.

Whether she would have been so much admired had she not been an heiress, it would have been hard to say; but she had had, on an average, twenty offers of marriage since she "came out," and had not yet accepted anyone as her chosen husband, although she was three-and-twenty.

Perhaps the pleasure she took in her belleshood was too great.

At last, however, almost on her twenty-fourth birthday, she met Mr. Evan Plantaganet, a young exquisite of the æsthetic type, and urged on by his mother and all his many sisters, engaged herself to him with her father's consent.

When she did this, one young heart ached sorely—that of her cousin, Roderick Blair, a physician new-fledged, who lived with his mother in a pretty country town some miles distant.

He paled and moped, and his mother knew well what troubled him.

"Why did you never speak to Ella?" she said.

"How do you know she could not have liked you?"

"She was too rich, mother," said Roderick, gloomily.

"I could not seem to be a fortune-hunter. I would not owe so much to a wife."

"Not if she loved you?" asked the mother.

But the son would have no more talk about the matter.

The girl never could have been his. He himself did not understand why he should feel more unhappy than before.

Perhaps it was because, as his mother said, he did not know but that she might have liked him.

And Mr. Evan Plantaganet exhibited his prize in public, and his mother and sisters boasted of his engagement to the "daughter of Mr. Lowe, the well-known merchant."

Suddenly there came a crash.

A startling piece of news petrified the financial world.

It was uttered by every tongue, and published in every paper.

Mr. Lowe had embarked in speculation, and his thousands were gone.

The great house was closed.

Mr. Lowe and his daughter went to live on an upper floor in a plain street, and the mother of Evan Plantaganet declared herself shocked at the old gentleman's deception.

In fact, the young man himself was horrified at the situation of his prospective father-in-law, and having drawled out sundry reproaches was offered his freedom, which he took at once.

Ella was free and poor.

Roderick Blair, in his country home, heard the news.

A few hours afterward he was at Mr. Lowe's door.

He found Ella as bright as ever; in fact, she had long since grown weary of Plantaganet and his affectations.

Never had Roderick passed a pleasanter evening.

He returned home full of hope and happiness.

But though he felt himself honored by the privilege of visiting in that humble abode, most of Ella's admirers, and all her fashionable lady friends but three, gradually dropped her.

One pleasant winter day she accepted the love of Roderick Blair.

It might be a long engagement, for both were poor, but they trusted each other.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Blair was delighted.

She came down often, and brought all the village news.

Amongst other things, a description of the splendid new house a rich man, whose name she did not know, was building on the very next piece of land to that on which her own little cottage stood.

It was a marvel of perfection, thoroughly well appointed in every way, and it was now being furnished from roof to basement in the most elegant manner.

The furnishing did not come at first, of course.

Indeed, it took six months to arrive at that point.

And a stained glass window in the hall and a conservatory thoroughly stocked, brought the old lady down on a special visit.

Mr. Lowe was always interested in her account of the place.

"I should like to see it," he said.

"I will come up with Ella next Monday; and, no doubt, I may get permission to go through it with you."

"Delightful!" said Mrs. Blair, "I love handsome houses!"

Ella smiled; and the result was that the following Monday Mr. Lowe, hearty and happy as in his palmiest days, offered his arm to Mrs. Blair; and, leaving the young people to follow, escorted her from her own quiet home to the elegant new mansion.

Certainly a handsomer, and yet a more homelike house, could not have been found.

Mrs. Blair was in raptures.

Roderick, looking down at Ella, said, "My dear, I wish I could give you such a home."

And she answered, "Ah, Roderick, I wish I could bring such a home with me when I come to you."

Mr. Lowe heard, and paused, with a smile.

"Say you so, children?" he cried.

"Well, then, my dears, if you like it, I will give it to you.

"We have had our experiences. I think they are sufficient.

"I have a confession to make.

"The story of my total loss of fortune as an exaggeration.

"I lost fifty thousand pounds, it is true, sufficient for a foundation for the rumor. I fostered it and played the ruined man to perfection.

"My motive was to save Ella from a fortune hunter, and to give her to a good man who really loved her.

"She has found him. My dears, get married as soon as you like.

"The house yonder was built for you.

"You, Mrs. Blair, will, of course, live with your son, and you must find room for me somewhere within its walls, my dear madam.

"I think we will all be very happy together.

"There, no talk about it now.

"You have engaged yourself to a rich woman against your will, Roderick, and will have to put up with it!"

And he took his daughter away, wrapped in her fur-lined cloak, and smiling at her happy lover.

Again the fashionable world offered its invitations, and Evan Plantaganet's mother went to call on dear Ella, and tell her how "Plantaganet regretted the misunderstanding;" but she found a wedding party assembled in the little parlor, and discovered that Ella had been Mrs. Blair for nearly half an hour.

She had self-possession enough to present her congratulations and retire speedily.

She was not wanted, and the late belle quite understood what had brought her there.

For her part, she was happier than she had been in those days of adulation and flattery, and would not have exchanged her true and loving husband for all her train of admirers, for all the hollow world could offer.

And yet she was glad to bring Roderick a fortune as well as a heart; and he knew her too well not to be glad also, if only for her sake.

WRINKLES AND CHARACTER.—The faculty of truth—that is, the love of it is indicated by the muscles which surround the eye, causing folds and wrinkles. Justice is indicated by the muscle which causes perpendicular wrinkles between the eyebrows. Fulness and wrinkles under the eye, for which some persons are remarkable, indicate the love of mathematical accuracy; and wrinkles curving upward from the outer angle of the eye and eyebrow indicate probity, or personal truthfulness. There are three degrees of the faculty of justice. The first is a kind of exactness or strict honesty in small money matters, which some people would call closeness, and is indicated by a single perpendicular line or wrinkle between the eyebrows. The second is the disposition to require justice of others, and is indicated by two perpendicular lines or wrinkles, on each side of the centre—a very common sign. The third is conscientiousness, or the disposition to apply the rule of justice to one's self, and is indicated by three or more wrinkles, or lines, especially noticeable, extending above the eye brow when the muscle is in action. The love of command is indicated by one or more short transverse wrinkles across the root of the nose, exactly between the eyes. It may be seen in great military commanders, in masters and teachers, and in those generally who are fond of exercising authority. In those who are wanting in the power to command and have no desire for responsibility, this sign is almost absent. The faculty of caution frequently acts with that part of justice which reprimands, or requires others to do right, and both together produces that frowning and lowering brow which is so terrible to evil-doers, or to those who love to be approved rather than condemned.

JAPANESE HOUSES.—A Japanese house is really a double affair. The most expense is put into the roof, which is of splendid heavy tile in all the towns and villages. On the isolated farm houses straw thatch is used more extensively. The roof is sustained by uprights framed into it, which have their foundations on the ground. The floor is generally about two feet above the ground, and is divided into rooms by paper partitions which are in sections and slide in grooves.

They can, at pleasure, be entirely removed, leaving, if necessary, the entire area in one room. The sides of the building—or at least one or more, are also in sections, which slide in grooves and are removed during the day, if required. Generally there is a space left for a passageway between the outside and the inner partitions forming the room, so that in winter the rooms enclosed only by paper screens are made warm and comfortable by the protection of the outer shell when so desirable, while in summer the facility with which all partitions are removed insures good ventilation. Very many of the houses are built with an interior court, devoted to ornamental shrubs and flowers, showing a considerable degree of æsthetic taste in the people.

MONSON, MICH., Sept., 25, 1875.

SIRS—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of Hop Bitters seemed like magic to me.

W. L. CARTER.

AUNT SARAH.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

NOBODY could find out what was the matter with Aunt Sarah.

She was not ill, and yet she was not well, and she thought she was dying.

The doctor suggested a change of air and cheerful society.

As there is plenty of the best kind of air where we live, we had brought her to our home in triumph, and we had been cheerful at all times and under all circumstances.

Aunt Sarah resented our cheerfulness, and was dying more than ever.

Worst of all, she refused to admire the baby!

She said he looked exactly like old Uncle Bill, a grumpy old bachelor who was that stingy he couldn't get anybody to have him.

At this juncture Aunt Dorcas came to pay us a visit.

Bristling with cheerfulness and good will, she entered her sister's room and exclaimed—

"Why, Sarah, you do look well! You are well, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly," said Aunt Sarah, with a sad expression; "corpses are always well."

"You don't look like a corpse, and you shouldn't talk so."

"I won't; I never talk. What the use of talking?"

But they went on talking, and their conversation was like a lively competition for the crown of martyrdom.

If Aunt Sarah complained of a bad headache, Aunt Dorcas would say—

"Oh, there's no danger about head aches.

"I have had them for years, day and night, and I have reared ten children—seven of them boys—while you never had but one—and that only a girl; yet here I am, nearly sixty, and as strong and hearty as can be."

Or if Aunt Sarah had a pain in her side and described her symptoms, Aunt Dorcas immediately replied—

"Why, that's only nervousness.

"I have it always on baking days.

"Oh, did you say that it was in your right side?

"That's too bad!

"But it ain't dangerous a bit, for I've always had it.

"What with meat and potatoes and pies to work on so long, our livers get worn out, don't you see?

"I suppose I have hardly any liver left by this time.

"But I don't mind it.

"I get along nicely without it; and so will you when you get used to it."

At last Aunt Dorcas decided to go home.

"I ain't doing her any good, she told me.

"She gets cross with me.

"I shall not try to be cheerful any more."

The day of her departure had come.

Aunt Sarah looked really ill, and was lying on the lounge apparently half-dead, when Aunt Dorcas came in for a parting talk.

"I'm sorry to see you looking so weak and ghastly.

"What I said about your being well was because I thought it would help you.

"But I know you ain't well, nor likely to be.

"Many a dying woman I have seen, and none of them looked worse than you do now.

"You remind me of old Mrs. Brown the day she died.

"You have the same blue shade around the mouth, and the same pinched look about——"

"You had better go and get ready; you will miss the train."

"No, I won't miss it, Sarah; but I am sorry about you, for I shall never see you again in this world.

"I am going to stop at Sister Prisoll.a's on my way back—you remember her, don't you?

"If you have any—any last message——"

Aunt Sarah suddenly sat up with a jerk.

"Look here, Dorcas, that's enough, and to spare.

"I wouldn't talk so much like a fool if I was you.

"There, now!

"Good-bye."

Seeing that Aunt Sarah had revived sufficiently to insult her relatives, I accompanied Aunt Dorcas to the railway station, and did my best to comfort her.

On my return, I found Aunt Sarah seated in the rocking-chair playing with baby; and as I could hardly believe my eyes, she looked up at me and smiled.

"I don't wonder you stare," she said.

"I might as well own it at last.

"I have been a fool, and a goose, and a bear.

"But I have got well, and I am going to keep well."

And she did.

THE State House bell in this city is the twenty-first in a list of large bells, weighing 13,000 pounds. The biggest in the world, at Moscow, weighs 443,772 pounds.

☞ Twenty-four beautiful colors of the Diamond Dyes, for Silk, Wool, Cotton, &c., 10 cts each. A child can use with perfect success.

New Publications.

A book that we can recommend to all, and particularly the sedentary of both sexes is "Home Gymnastics." It is a simple description of methods of exercise for the preservation and prolongation of health applicable to young and old. The rules are given with great clearness, and are accompanied by diagrams. As this system is based on the entire absence of apparatus, it really acquires a double value, being both efficient and cheap. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia. Price 60 cents.

"The Bonheur des Dames; or, The Shop Girls of Paris," Emile Zola's new novel, is his greatest, most finished, and most absorbing romance. It opens up an entirely new field in fiction, and will be seized upon with avidity by countless hosts of readers. In nothing Zola has written is his vivid naturalism so pronounced. The scene is laid in the "Bonheur des Dames" dry goods store, an immense Parisian establishment, employing a whole army of girls and men. The daily life of the shop-girls and salesmen, their trials, troubles, temptations and triumphs are depicted in the most graphic and realistic fashion. The heroine is one of the shop girls. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa. Price 75 cents.

A new plate entitled the "Origin of the Stars and Stripes," has just been issued by Root & Tinker, New York, for the New York Life Insurance Co. It gives the rise of the American flag from the family arms of Washington. The plate which is finely printed in colors is accompanied by a pamphlet descriptive of all pertaining facts.

MAGAZINES.

The contents of *The American Journal* of the Medical Sciences for April, 1883, include the following original communications on memoirs and cases. Experiments to determine the Germicide Value of certain Therapeutic Agents. On the Importance of the thorough Disinfection of the Stools in Enteric Fever. Cases of Mushroom Poisoning. Trigeminal Neuralgia relieved by Ligation of the Common Carotid Artery and Neurectomy. A clinical History and Exact Localization of Perinephric Abscesses. A Case in which Division of Femur below the Trochanters was performed simultaneously on both sides for Angular Ankylosis of the Hip-Joints following Coxalgia. The Use of Iodine as a Stomachic Sedative. Gastrostomy, Œsophagostomy, and Internal Œsophagotomy in the Treatment of Stricture of the Œsophagus. Rhabdomyoma of the Parotid Gland. Leprosy in the Hawaiian Islands. Typho-Malarial or Continued Malarial Fever. A Case of Color-blindness for Green, etc. There are also many valuable reviews on subjects of the highest interest to all physicians. H. C. Lea's Son & Co., Publishers. Subscription $5.00 per year.

Vick's Floral Monthly for April, is up to the mark of its predecessors, and this is the highest possible praise. For those desiring a good publication treating of gardens and flowers, this is the neatest and best published. James Vick, Rochester, New York. Price $1.25.

The Publishers of the *Popular Science Monthly* have issued an index to the work, containing the titles of all the articles published in the magazine from 1872 until to-day. This index will be particularly useful in enabling the reader to ascertain at once the article desired without the labor and loss of time taken up in wading through the particular issues almost at random. It is finely bound and printed, and altogether makes a nice volume. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York.

HAND TO HAND.—In the days of hand-to-hand fighting, when missile weapons were employed by a comparatively small portion of the combatants, the vanquished were generally almost annihilated and the victors suffered enormously.

At Cannæ 40,000 Romans out of 80,000 were killed. At Hastings the Normans, though the victors, lost 10,000 out of 60,000, and at Crecy 30,000 Frenchmen out of 100,000 were, it is asserted, killed, without reckoning the wounded. When the flint-lock reigned the average of the proportion of the killed and wounded in ten battles, beginning with Zorndorf in 1758 and ending with Waterloo, was from one-fourth to one-fifth of the troops present on both sides. The heaviest loss was at Zorndorf, where 42,000 men out of 82,000 were killed or wounded. It was also very heavy at Eylau, being 25,000 casualties out of 160,000 men. In the campaign in Italy in 1859 rifles were used on both sides, and we find that the proportion of casualties to combatants was at Magenta, and Solferino one-eleventh. In the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, when both sides were armed with breech-loading rifles, the average proportion of killed and wounded at Worth, Spicheren, Mars-le-Tour, Gravelotte, and Sedan was one-sixth, the heaviest loss being at Mars-le-Tour, where it was one-sixth, and the smallest at Sedan, where it was one-twelfth.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and Coaches to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Our Young Folks.

OUR HAPPY FAMILY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

I WONDER if it was like any of those at the monkey-house,' said Jeff.

"I wish I could remember them all exactly.

"But I've mixed them up in my mind with the bears.

"The bear that got up to the top of the pole and looked so at us when I said 'Poor fellow!' you remember, Eva?"

"Yes," replied Eva.

"But it is the monkeys Eric is talking about."

"Well," replied Eric, "one of Pongo's relatives is in the monkey-house.

"I have a message for him from Pongo."

"Was Pongo the captain's monkey?" asked Jeff.

"Yes."

"Will he ever come here?"

"I don't know.

"The captain stays at New York; but if he ever comes here he is sure to bring Pongo with him, and perhaps he will let me take him to the Zoo."

"But you will find out Pongo's brother and tell him about it?" said Jeff, inquiringly.

"Of course," answer Eric; "and when I see Pongo again I shall tell him all about the Happy Family in the Gardens.

"Now I must go off to the monkey-house, and we will meet again later on."

He patted the pony, saying—

"Gee up!"

And off started the pony, the lady and the dogs following.

The spaniel too went with them.

The lady called to Jeff and Eva, "Meet us at the refreshment-rooms at twelve o'clock."

And Jeff nodded and said, "Yes, we will be there," as if he were quite used to late hours.

"Twelve o'clock!"

"Midnight!" exclaimed Eva, "and we have never been up later than nine all our lives.

"How shall you know about the time, Jeff?"

"There is a bell in the city, and it will not be long before midnight is here," replied Jeff.

"Do you know the way?"

"I think so."

"But shall we not get very tired?" asked Eva.

"Just what I was thinking," said a deep voice, that sounded like half a dozen trombones, and made the children start.

And then a great shadow fell across the path, and a mountain seemed to be moving before them.

"Why it's one of the elephants," said Jeff, "and he has got his keeper with him."

"Keepers are of no account to-night," returned the elephant.

"It is the Happy Family gala-night, and the keepers are all our servants.

"Keeper, stop," and the elephant waved his trunk majestically.

The keeper touched his hat, saying, "Yes, sir."

"Are the cushions all comfortable?" asked the elephant.

"I am going to take these children wherever they wish to go in the gardens."

"Didn't think they would be required to-night, sir," returned the keeper.

"Fetch them at once," said the elephant, loftily, "and return as quickly as possible."

Away went the keeper, and the elephant caressed the children.

"That was a capital bun you gave me," said the elephant to Jeff.

"Then he did know us," half-whispered Eva, "I thought he did."

"I know all children who are kind to animals," said the elephant.

"I find them out at once, and I wish to do all in my power for them.

"I love them."

Jeff and Eva fondly stroked the elephant's trunk.

The elephant appeared gratified.

"Sit down here and shut your eyes,
And you will have a great surprise,"

said he.

They were on the broad terrace walk now, and seating themselves on a bench they closed their eyes.

Then peeping from under the lids a strange sight seemed to be presented to them.

Suddenly a great stone tower with a sort of balcony appeared.

In the balcony were two animals, one of them a jovial lion with a smiling face, and both were laughing loudly.

Below some apes were playing on violins with all their might, and a company of hares and tortoises were dancing a polka in true peasant fashion, giving the heel and toe step which is not danced in more polished society, but which the tortoises gave with very good effect.

Eva and Jeff laughed as heartily as the lion and his companion.

And round and on whirled the dancing animals, until Eva thought they would be dizzy.

"Oh, do stop!" she cried: "it's like teetotums."

"No, we are the teetotums in the middle," cried a pair of cranes who danced on the same spot, whilst the pheasants and tortoises circled round them.

"It's dreadful!" said Eva, "I'm getting dizzy myself.

"Stop! stop!"

"We cannot stop,
Away we must hop,
For midnight is nigh
And we fly
To catch the crescent moon,
Whirl, whirl about
At our midnight rout;
The hours die out
Too soon, too soon."

screamed a chorus of voices.

"The monkeys and the bats
Without their opera hats,
Are flying away to the moon, moon, moon.

Dear me! I'm making poetry myself," said Jeff.

"But everything is in such a whirl.

"Do, Mr. Elephant, please take us away if you are going to be so kind as to give us a ride.

"We are longing to get to the cages."

"Yes, do, please Mr. Elephant," echoed Eva's little voice.

The cushions were ready now, and the elephant gently took up Eva with his trunk and placed her on his back.

She felt a little alarmed when she felt herself lifted off the ground, but the elephant was very careful.

Then Jeff was lifted up and seated beside her.

"And now where do you wish to go first?" asked the elephant.

"To the eagles' aviaries," said Jeff, eager to be there.

"The eagle, the king of the birds, who soars above the clouds, and can gaze with undazzled eye at the sun," ejaculated the elephant.

"Keeper, move on!

"We will go past the bears' pit and the camel house."

Again the keeper said—

"Yes, sir," in a respectful manner, and touched his hat.

So off they started.

THE EAGLE'S STORY.

"HOW strange everything is to-night," said Jeff.

"Even the moon is shining with all sorts of colors, instead of being all silver white."

For the bear-pit was glowing with silver rays, whilst the camel-house was flooded with emerald green.

"It's not the moon," observed the elephant, as he paused for the children to see the camel-house; "the gardens are illuminated with Bengal fire; they always are on gala nights."

"Oh, won't the tigers like it!" exclaimed Eva.

"They will think of home."

If the elephant could have smiled he would have done so.

As it was his sides shook gently.

"Oh, my, I shall fall off!" exclaimed Eva.

But the elephant recovered his gravity immediately.

"There is no danger," he answered.

And he marched on steadily until he reached the eagles' aviaries.

The partitions had been thrown down, and all the eagles had congregated together and seemed wonderfully amicable.

There were the sea-eagle, the golden eagle, the tawny eagle, and the white-headed sea-eagle from the North.

They were discussing their various countries, and wishing that a bird newspaper could be started, if it were only for the sake of the deaths and marriages.

"One hears a little bit of news occasionally," the white-headed American eagle was saying, as the elephant came to a stand.

"I did hear about the hoisting of the English flag on our Capitol at Washington, and I was so pleased that in the evening I contrived to slip round to the lion house and shake paws and claws with the lion upon the occasion."

"What did he do that for?" whispered Eva.

The white-headed eagle heard her, and turned sharply round.

"Little lady," said he, in a stately manner, "I am the representative bird of the United States of North America, even as the lion is the chosen emblem of England.

"The eagle is the king of birds, even as the lion is the king of animals."

Here the elephant tossed his trunk indignantly, which the eagle perceiving, added—

"Present company always excepted."

And Jeff whispered (remembering his history)—

"The Romans were frightened at the elephants of King Pyrrhus: and the Romans were the bravest people in the world, and not afraid of lions."

And Eva said, softly—

"And I like elephants best.

"They are the largest and strongest and wisest of animals."

The elephant's trunk went down, and the eagle proceeded.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A young gilded (or, as they say now, nickel-plated) youth of New York ordered a pair of pantaloons of his tailor and returned them as too tight. "You told me to make them skin-tight," said the man. "Yes" said the youth, "but I can sit down in my skin and I can't in these."

If you have a listless, discouraged feeling, and get weary with but slight exertion, very likely your liver is torpid. Take Ayer's Pills and they will cure you.

THE FORGOTTEN CROWN.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

THE great day has come at last.

The enemy swept down like a mighty torrent on to the beautiful land of Gaia, and the dread blast of war sounded over hill and dale, through forest and glen, by lake and river, till it died, echoing away in the silent mountains beyond.

War had burst upon the people at last, and by the sides of cottage fires and along the corridors of princely palaces men talked of the struggle that was to come, and buckled on their arms.

Faces were set stern and hearts beat high on that day in the land of Gaia, for its people knew that their hour of trial was upon them, and that the struggle must be a struggle—terrible and to the very death.

Story has since told how the great battle, when it came, knew neither mercy nor quarter, for the day was a long and bloody one, over which angels might have wept.

In truth, on that day, it was as if the strength of children were matched against the rage of demons.

Such a battle might have been between the unaided heart of man and the reasoning powers of hell.

The great day had come.

From tower to tower the summons sounded, and far and wide, through the length and breadth of the land, went up the answer.

Men felt the storm of war was whirling on, and saw the sunshine flee before it.

But as the fresh grass springs forth in rain, so the flower of the youth sprung forth that day, till city and village, hillside and valley, were alive with beauty and strength.

The hour of parting came, the hour of bitter separations and of sad farewells, for dear ties had to be rudely severed, and happy homes broken up in haste.

Once more the shrill trumpet's blast was borne upon the wind, and then, nobly to the sacred music of fathers' blessings, purely in the sweet baptism of mothers' tears, the vigor of the land marched forth to do or to die.

And as the mighty hosts were sweeping onward o'er the plain, Philothea, the proudest mother in all Gaia, called her three sons to her, and spoke:

"My sons, the hour of your trial has come.

"For years I have watched its slow but sure approach, and known that it would steal upon you unawares at last.

"I am your mother, and have seen, as only mother can, its shadows rising on you from the dawnings of your lives.

"When, helpless babes, you slumbered in the sweet sleep of innocence and peace, I heard its distant thunders rolling in the air.

"When, too, in all your boyhood's spirit you awoke the woodland echoes with your merry cries, they lingered in my ears until their happy music seemed to die away in sadness and in wailing.

"And as I looked on to the life that each of you must live, I said—

"'There is no peace on earth without unrest.

"'There is no victory till the fight is fought.'

"But courage! you are men.

"Go forth with steadfast purpose, and with strong right hand, and may the great God of battles bless you."

And saying this, she opened a huge oaken chest, and bade them take from it three coats of mail that lay therein.

And one was of the purest gold, and set with precious stones.

Another, too, was of fine silver, and curiously wrought.

But the third was of old iron, rusty and worn.

And on the breast of each was a strange device and a scroll, on which a legend was inscribed.

And of these, as the three youths stood gazing upon them, each in his heart made his own secret choice, and waited the signal of his mother's voice to speak.

Then Philothea called to her eldest born, and, pointing to the written legends, bade him read and take which suit of mail he would.

Now, on the golden one was placed a monarch's crown encircling a skull, and the legend underneath ran thus:

"To glory all the world bows down:
Who wears the gold shall win the crown."

"'Who wears the gold shall win the crown!'" then this be mine, mother," he said.

"For glory is a noble thing, and I would see the whole world kneeling at my feet."

And with beaming eyes and head erect he took the jewelled coat, and clad himself, and made oath he would do battle like a royal prince, and win the homage of the world.

And then the second had his choice, and turning to the silver one, he took it up and said—

"Look, mother, what is here? a tender flower choked upon a bed of brambles!

"But listen to the wording of the scroll:

"'Nor gold nor iron, neither high nor low,
In easy channels silver streams shall flow.'

"I have no thirst for fame, and I love comfort, ease and peace.

"The legend speaks of these, and he who bears it, knowing of no strife or danger, needs must save his life against the foe, and end his days in this world's health and wealth.

"What can the earth give more?"

And he took the silver coat, rejoicing in the promise which it bore, and fell to dreaming on the comfort of his life.

And last stepped forth the third and youngest son, and without a thought of glory in his breast, he took the rusted iron coat, and said—

"Dear mother, I should have chosen this.

"I know not why, but there is something in this emblem that has touched my heart."

As he spoke, he pointed to a simple cross, for the iron coat was of plainest fashion, and bore no other ornament, and read aloud the words that twined about it:

"'Faith fights in faith alone. Come best, come worst,
No earthly crown is thine—be last, yet first.'

"I seek no crown," he cried, "I look to no reward.

"I only kneel to crave your blessing, mother, and to ask your prayers."

Then, clad in the rough suit, he knelt; and as he stood erect, and drew himself to his full height, his soul within him rose, and never flinching as he turned from all he loved, with faithful heart and fearless step he joined his brothers at the outer gate.

Then came the surging stream of warriors that way, and those three noble youths—the gold, the silver, and the iron knights—waved back a last farewell, and sought the van that caught them up and swept them on to war.

* * * * * *

The strife was over now.

A battle had been lost, a battle had been won.

And men were talking of the bloody struggle of that day, and binding up their cruel wounds, and burying their valiant dead.

And Philothea went among the throng, and gathered tidings of her sons.

And there they told her how her eldest born had smitten down his foes, and gone a very king into the thickest of the bloody fray.

How, when the fight was ended, they had twined crowns of laurel and of gold round about his brow, while thousands knelt before him as he came, and cried—

"Long live the Golden Knight!"

"Glory is his," she said, and then she thought of the device of death that wore a diadem.

And as she pondered upon this, a load of captured wealth came rolling by, and with it him who wore the the silver coat.

"See, mother," he cried out, "the spoils of war—the riches of this life!

"And in the fight I never neared the foe nor knew what danger meant.

"Wealth, comfort, ease, are mine—behold!"

And he rode on, and blessed his lot, and left his mother gazing after him.

And as she gazed, her thoughts went back to a tender flower choked in a bed of brambles.

Then Philothea roused herself, and called aloud the name of her best-loved, her youngest son.

And as she called the sun went down, and yet he never came.

And then she called again, but twilight darkened, and yet he did not come.

Then night crept up the eastern sky, and myriads of fires shot out from the blue vault above, till fancy might have wandered on from star to star, and mounted up to the great throne of all.

Once more she called upon her son, but a deep silence as of death held the scene.

And when no answer came, she thought upon the cross, and wept.

But far out on the field of blood, a youthful knight clad in a suit of rusty armor, was lying cold and still, an arrow through his heart, and his face upturned to God.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.—In view of the approaching coronation of the Czar the Court jewelers of St. Petersburg are now busy cleaning and repairing the insignia of the crown, the value of which is estimated at 50,000,000. The crown itself, valued at 500,000, is adorned with nine hundred diamonds, fifty-four enormous pearls without a flaw, and is truly of extraordinary size; it is of exquisite workmanship. It was made by Pauzie, the Genevese jeweler, and was first used at the coronation of Catherine the Great. The sceptre, which was made for the coronation of Paul I., is tipped with the famous Orloff diamond, which, like the Koh-i-noor, came from the treasury of the Grand Mogul.

It remained for centuries in a rough state, and, passing through various hands, it was at length purchased for a paltry sum by an Armenian of the name of Lagorew, who had it cut in Amsterdam, where Alexis Orloff bought it for 450,000 roubles, in order to present it to the Empress Catharine. The Orloff is eight carats heavier than the Koh-i-noor.

IT is in general more profitable to reckon up our defects, than to boast of our attainment.

SILVER CREEK, N. J., Feb. 5, 1880.

GENTS—I have been very low, and have tried everything, to no advantage. I heard your Hop Bitters recommended by so many, I concluded to give them a trial. I did, and now am around, and constantly improving, and am nearly as strong as ever.

W. H. WELLER.

AN OLD CHURCH.

BY CANON BELL.

I stop to rest in the grassy-grown yard
To gather the fair Spring blooms,
And lazily dream on the velvet sward
That mantles the sunken tombs.
The raspberry briars obscure the words
Affection has carved on the stone;
With ripening blossoms and bees and birds
Forgotten they sleep alone.

And all the men who wore this path
Or the threshold of yonder door,
To hear of a father's love or wrath,
Are found on the earth no more;
And spiders lazily spin their threads
Secure from intruding feet,
While Spring its leaves o'er the pulpit spreads
And the listener's sunken seat.

I close my eyes and I seem to hear
Some sacred old hymn arise,
Or the pastor inviting, in accents clear,
To "Mansions above the skies;"
Or I hear the bearers, with reverent tread,
Their charge to the chancel bear,
And their murmurous sigh for the honored dead
Floats out on the autumn air.

Then the call of the robin dispels my dreams;
So, rising with bated breath,
I mark where the sun through the casement gleams
As life in the midst of death.
"He careth for sparrows;" I thank Thee, Lord,
For a temple not made with hands,
And a love that unto the least affords
A gift from Thy outstretched hands.

WORK AND PLAY.

A SHORT time ago one of the greatest living musicians received a visit from an intimate friend, who had arrived unexpectedly from the country at a somewhat early hour of the forenoon. When admitted into the house, the visitor at once made his way to the composer's study, and, presuming on the close and cordial nature of their long-standing acquaintance, entered softly unannounced. Sheets of music-paper blackly scored, covered the desk and the table, and even overflowed on to the carpet, telling of a rich brain-harvest of harmony reaped by the midnight pen.

Bulky manuscript books lay open here and there, and displayed their cabalistic hieroglyphics, prisoned with "bars," like so many inky imps, grotesquely struggling over the pages. The piano was open; and a violin and bow, lying in juxtaposition across their empty case, seemed to indicate that the master's ideas had taken audible form and expression but a short time before.

But what was the composer doing, since his pen lay for the moment idle, with ebon blood oozing on the blotting-paper, and violin and piano mute? Pacing the room, with knitted brow and far-off eyes? Tearing his hair in a fine frenzy of agonized inspiration? Gazing at the newly-risen sun in search of the divine afflatus? Not just then, at any rate. Standing with his face turned a little way from the door, and consequently unaware for several moments of the presence of an intruder, he was tossing three oranges, keeping them all in the air at once, with a dexterity of manipulation that a professional juggler might have envied, and which betokened no inconsiderable amount of practice. Now high, now low; now faster, now slower; now apparently revolving from one hand to the other in regular rotation; now darting in and out, backwards and forwards, with a rapidity that seemed to trace yellow circles and triangles before the bewildered eye, whirled the oranges; and there, as gravely eager and intent upon maintaining their motion as though it were the weightiest concern of life, stood the genius who had given oratorio to the world, and who had touched the hearts of thousands by his wondrous invocation of wood and wire with a power such as has been vouchsafed to but few men.

An exclamation from the astonished spectator at length broke the spell; the oranges descended to the floor in an unpremeditated grouping; and the musician turned in some confusion to stammer out a greeting to the witness of his feat of legerdemain. Feeling that an explanation of the scene was expected, and to a certain extent necessary, he presently volunteered it in these terms:

"There is nothing which, once thoroughly learned, is ever entirely forgotten; and nothing is ever learned uselessly, provided that it be not in itself immoral or prejudicial to the individual or to the community. Put anything carefully away, they say of material objects, and you will be sure to find a use for it before seven years are over. It is just the same with every mental acquisition. True, our time may be put out at better interest in some pursuits than in others; and it is very likely that the hours which I devoted to these 'monkey-tricks,' as my parents and other guardians not unjustly termed them, when I was a boy, might have been more profitably employed; but they have served their turn nevertheless.

"At school I was an adept at amateur jugglery; and I believe that it was to the perfect independence, yet harmony, of the two hands, which such an act as the one you surprised me in the execution of, engendered, that I owe the ease with which I mastered, almost at the outset of my musical education, certain compositions which are marked by difficult inequalities of time, and which usually constitute a great stumbling-block, not only to beginners, but often to more mature performers. More than that, it stands me in good stead even now.

"After a long night's work, as this has been, when I have been writing music for many hours by an artificial light, all earth, sea, and air, seem ruled with five parallel lines, and I behold men, not as trees, but as crotchets and quavers walking. Then I take up my three oranges for a few minutes; and the rapid and incessant shifting of the eyes from one to the other brings relief and renovation to the vision strained by monotony. Play properly chosen should in its kind be an assistance to—not merely a relaxation from—work."

Grains of Gold.

Jealousy is a secret avowal of our inferiority.

Be not simply good—be good for something.

Beware of misrepresentation as of unfair dealing.

Do not complain. Time thus expended is thrown away.

Avoid exaggerations, as they generally cause trouble.

It is easy to find excuses for doing what we much desire.

Cowards are ever cruel; the brave only are magnanimous.

To be a philosopher one must experience something of adversity.

Owe no man anything; pay as you go, and avoid being dunned.

To learn much, we must learn a little at a time and learn that well.

To-morrow is a bad word to use in business; always be equal to to-day.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

The most dangerous flattery is the inferiority of those who surround us.

He who wrongs his neighbor, might just as well rob him of his possessions.

The lessons of experience are valuable, and serve to prevent many mistakes.

Once loosen the latch-strings of honor, the door to crime and folly swings easily.

As charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does politeness before men.

Don't use the eyes for reading or fine work in the evening twilight or early morn.

A thousand parties of pleasure do not leave a recollection worth that of one good action.

Death—The sleep whose dreamless shuttles weaves the energies of an important awakening.

An unchanging state of joy is not possible on earth as it now is, because evils and errors are here.

Men are but grown up children; the baubles change, they are pleased with baubles all the same.

Every individual has opportunities; the great secret of success is knowing how to use them properly.

Steadfastly set your face against needless delays in doing any work for the good of your fellow men.

Unkind language is sure to produce the fruits of unkindness—that is, suffering in the bosom of others.

As man is known by his companions, so a man's company may be known by his manner of expressing himself.

Small miseries, like small debts, hit us in so many places, that what they want in weight they make up in number.

It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty, that avarice reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them.

It is astonishing how deep seated is vanity in the human heart; "misery loves company," because self-esteem is maintained by the equal fall of others.

We easily believe what we wish, but we have a wonderful facility in raising doubts against those duties which have a tendency to thwart our inclinations.

We never regret the kind words we have spoken or the retort we have left unsaid, but bitterly we recall sharp words spoken angrily, and unkind actions that may have caused tears to come to eyes that will never shed them any more.

Femininities.

A philosopher informs us that a bonnet is no longer a bonnet when it becomes a pretty woman.

Miss Bertha Von Hillern has given up walking, and settled down as a landscape painter in Boston.

Mrs. Mary Hughes Grove, aged one hundred and seventeen years, died recently at Lake Magnetic, Canada.

"Mean!" she cried. "My husband is the meanest wretch in the world! He won't give me the least excuse for complaining!"

Mrs. A. T. Stewart, of New York, who leads a secluded life, is quietly dispensing a great deal of money among poor people.

When a man is about to be told a secret, he shuts the door; when it is a woman, she opens the door, to be sure no one is listening outside.

Love is the most terrible, and also the most generous of the passions; it is the only one that includes in its dreams the happiness of some one else.

The museum at Reading, England, contains among its many curiosities a bridle formerly used to stop the mouths of scolding women in that town.

When a woman deserts a man who has not earned his salt for years, he immediately advertises that he will pay no debts whatever of her contracting.

There is a young married woman in St. Louis who sleeps only two hours in each 24. She is evidently in training to become a most vigilant mother-in-law.

The reason why woman cannot succeed as well as man in the walks of life, is because when she is on the walk, one hand is employed in holding up her dress.

A great modiste is credited with having issued the following direction with a new style of head-gear: "With this bonnet the mouth is worn slightly open."

An Irish gentleman, with that peculiar perspicuity of statement characteristic of his race, says the chief pleasure in kissing a pretty girl is when she won't let you.

He promised to cleave to her, and when they went to the theatre, he came in between the acts with a piece of cork in his whiskers, she knew from the fragrance he exhaled that he had clove.

A Hartford girl, pursued by a ferocious dog, turned and faced the animal courageously, and the brute turned tail and fled. And yet she wonders why the young men seem shy in offering to marry her.

A New York policeman has fallen heir to $60,000, and every female cook on his beat wants him to keep his promise at once, and he wonders how he is going to avoid about fifty breach of promise suits.

When a young wife heard her uncle say it was easy to make some people believe that the moon is made of green cheese, she remarked that she agreed with him if it were honeymoons he was talking about.

The independent damsels of Atlanta, Ga., formed a Spinsters' Club, which no men were allowed to attend. Then a Batchelors' Club was organized in self defense, and at last accounts they were holding joint sessions.

A Parisian photographer has made a hit by photographing children apparently on the edge of precipice. He is said to be perfectly satisfied with his success on a picture where the mother screams at sight of a proof.

During a trial, the other day, a policeman, testifying with regard to a lady, said, "I know nothing of her except what I hear the neighbors say; and, in my opinion, what women say of one another ain't worth belief."

It is a glorious thing to have been born a man. One doesn't have to bother himself for a month over the plans and specifications of a new spring bonnet. He has simply to foot the bill when the thing is brought home.

A hospital for Mussulman women has been established by General Tchernaieff, at Tashkend. It is presided over exclusively by Russian female doctors, this being the first time that Russian women have been permitted to practice independently.

A female student, "of refined and gentle manners and appearance," has been expelled from a seminary at Oswego for defiling the floors of the rooms with pools and rivulets of tobacco juice. The refined young creature chewed tobacco like a pirate.

A noted physician says it is dangerous to kiss anyone who is fasting. Young man, never let your girl go by a restaurant hungry, on your way home from the theatre, if you have the means to satisfy her natural longing for something to satisfy the craving for a square meal.

There is a lady in Norwich, Conn., 72 years old, who has just begun to take lessons on the piano. It is impossible to disguise one's admiration of a woman who displays such resources at her time of life. She probably thinks that the neighborhood is becoming too thickly settled.

Mrs. Elizabeth Damerly, of Cincinnati, publicly cowhided two young men whom she suspected of having sent her an indecent valentine. To vindicate their fair names the young men had Mrs. D. arrested, and the justice fined her $10, as she couldn't prove that the young men sent it.

The young ladies of Richmond, Va., are going to get up an anti-cigarette society. The question upon which they are divided now is whether it will be better to refuse to kiss all the young men who soil their lips with tobacco, or to agree to kiss all those who do not. Most of them favor the latter proposition.

Ex-Secretary Evarts has thirteen daughters. It is reported that he never locks the front door on Sunday night until after 12 o'clock, and even then he lies awake an hour worrying for fear there may be a stray couple in the dining-room, which he has overlooked. We would break down under such a responsibility.

News Notes.

The Hindoos are said to have 330,000,000 gods.

Vermont has two women acting as mail-carriers.

England has over $10,000,000,000 invested abroad.

A Rhode Island girl of 16 recently married a man over 70.

Tan color will be much worn during the coming London season.

Austin, Texas, maintains an average of two dogs to each dwelling house.

Texas produced 200,000 more bales of cotton last year than Mississippi.

"God Save the Queen" is to be translated into all the different dialects of India.

A Cincinnati paper boasts that there is a young lady in that city with a full beard.

"Please do not tumble down the shaft," is the polite notice posted at the mouth of a Nevada mine.

The Paris Academy of Medicine offers a reward of five thousand dollars for a real cure for diphtheria.

Chicago has had 69 murders since the beginning of the year 1881, and only one murderer has been hanged.

A. Graham Bell, of telephone fame, who was a poor man seven years ago, is now said to be worth $6,000,000.

The Crow Indians of Montana number about 3,000, and are chiefly engaged in agriculture and stock-raising.

Thomas Jefferson wrote that great cities were "pestilential to the morals, the health, and the liberties of man."

The Register of New York City is said to have an income from his office of seventy-five thousand dollars a year.

A piece of ice thrown from a building in Boston, recently, struck an awning, glanced, hit a lady, killing her instantly.

It is reported that Wagner's "Parsifal" has been forbidden in London, because it is made up of scriptural scenes and personages.

"Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into nearly all the languages of India, and it is as popular with Asiatic as with English readers.

There are 40,000 square miles of almost unbroken forests in North Carolina, comprising pine, chestnut, oak, maple, beech and hickory timber.

A meteor weighing six hundred pounds is the subject of a lawsuit before Iowa courts between the man on whose land it fell and the man who dug it out.

It is estimated that there are 4,000,000 sheep in Texas. The number will probably be increased during the coming season to something like 5,500,000.

A set of paper wheels under a truck of an engine of the Central Vermont Railroad have been in use twelve years, and they are still apparently sound.

In Persia one handicraftsman forges shoes and another puts them on, so that the size of the shoe bears no relation to that of the hoof which is ruthlessly pared away to fit it.

An American drank twenty-eight glasses of lager in Washington, on a wager, a few day ago, in thirty minutes, beating a German, who gave out on the twenty-second glass.

Miss Mary Devlin waited at a street corner in New York for a car, and asked a passer-by when one would come along. For answer he knocked her down and stole her pocket-book.

For brutally whipping one of his small pupils a school teacher of Ackley, Hardin county, Iowa, was compelled to resign, and was fined $25 and costs in the police court. Then he emigrated to Dakotah.

The uniform of the Salvation Army costs about $15. Including helmet, the "brother's" uniform is reckoned at $14.30, though the army overcoat costs $14 extra. The "sister's" uniform varies from $4 to $10.

The State of Georgia has let out to contractors 1,200 convicts. The lessees pay $30 a year for each man and clothe and lodge him, and are entitled to ten hours a day from them. The net profit to the State is about $35,000 a year.

Residents of Colorado are now claiming that no native of the State has ever died there of consumption, the large number of deaths from that disease being of those who have gone there for relief from pulmonary difficulties acquired elsewhere.

A man who had baled the water out of his cistern at Alton, Ill., and took refuge in it with his family on the day that Wiggins' storm did not come, was only one among hundreds of credulous people whose freaks are reported from different parts of the country.

A New York surgeon has resuscitated a man who was almost suffocated by gas escaping in his room at a hotel, by means of transfusion of blood. The blood was pumped from the arm of a healthy negro into that of the almost smothered man. The result of the experiment is regarded as valuable to medical science.

An elevated railroad locomotive in New York dropped hot coals on a horse, and the animal hurt a boy. It has cost the road five thousand dollars in spite of the claim of the railroad in court that the owner of the horse ought to pay damages for not having a horse that would stand still when hot coals fell on him.

AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, BILIOUS DISORDERS, SICK HEADACHE, etc., are thoroughly cured by Dr. Jayne's Sanative pills. Acting as a general laxative, remove all irritating and fecal matter from the bowels, gradually change the vitiated secretions of the stomach and liver, and restore these organs to a healthy condition.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Read Relief.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

WORTH SENDING FOR! Dr. J. H. Schenck has just published a book on **DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND HOW TO CURE THEM,** which is offered FREE, postpaid, to all applicants. It contains valuable information for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to any disease of the throat or lungs. Mention this paper. Address **Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON,** Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE For 15 cents we give the Illustrated Visitor Magazine three months. Handsomest and best published. Each number contains a complete novel, and the cream of choice reading. To each subscriber we send free 52 Popular Pieces Music with words. This offer is made to introduce our magazine in new homes. Social Visitor, Box 3130, Boston, Mass.

COURTSHIP.

It chanced, they say, upon a day,
A furlong from the town,
That she was strolling up the way
As he was strolling down—
She humming low, as might be so,
A ditty, sweet and small;
He whistling loud a tune, you know,
That had no tune at all.
It happened so—precisely so—
As all their friends and neighbors know.

As I and you perhaps might do,
They gazed upon the ground;
But when they'd gone a yard or two,
Of course they both looked round.
They both were pained, they both explained
What caused their eyes to roam;
And nothing after that remained
But he should see her home.
It happened so—precisely so—
As all their friends and neighbors know.

Next day to that, 'twas common chat,
Admitting no debate;
A bonnet close beside a hat
Was sitting on a gate.
A month, not more, had bustled o'er,
When, braving nod and smile,
One blushing soul came through the door,
When two went up the aisle.
It happened so—precisely so—
And all their friends and neighbors know.

—U. N. None.

Facetiæ.

A good prophet—100 per cent.

Well posted—A telegraph line.

Always in working order—Yeast.

A calico wrapper—A dry goods clerk.

A cook stove may be converted into a base burner by sitting on it while it is hot.

If you want to see how much stir your death will cause in the world, listen to the sizzle of a snowflake on a hot brick.

It is not necessary for a man to keep his mug at the barber's shop, but he must take it there to be shaved.

The English sparrows around Boston have become so æsthetic that they will not eat an unskinned caterpillar. Wonderful, that air and atmosphere of Culcha!

Mrs. Smith is a practical woman. When she was told of a wonderful instance of prayer-cure, she remarked: "Only think of it! It didn't cost a cent, did it?"

A medical man once told a playwright that he had made one of his characters live too long after receiving a certain wound. "True," replied he; "but you must remember he was not attended by a physician."

Almost Incredible, Yet Absolutely True.

A $95 24-STOP ORGAN FOR ONLY $49.75.

The offer made in this issue of our Weekly by Mayor Beatty, of Washington, N. J., is characteristic of the enterprise of this well-known manufacturer. He offers to you, a reader of our paper, one of his renowned latest style 24 organs for only $49.75, and delivers it free, all freight charges prepaid by him, at your very door. This offer must be accepted on or before April 30th, 1883, as after that date the price will be $65; therefore, do not hesitate, but order at once. Every instrument guaranteed or money will be refunded with interest.

No manufacturer can show the amount of business transacted during the last four months that Mr. Beatty does. His shipments have been: December, 1,410 organs; January, 1,115 organs; February, 1,152 organs; March, 1,425 organs, besides some 541 pianofortes. His factory is taxed to its utmost capacity, running day and night. He has the largest and most complete factory in America; no one deserves success more than Mayor Beatty, for he understands and caters to every wish of the music loving populace, and has his reward in the world-renowned reputation which his incomparable instruments have attained.

Rex Magnus.

An article of the highest value and importance in matters of food, is "Humiston Food Preservative," or Rex Magnus. Some of the leading chemists of the country, after thoroughly testing it, testify that for the purpose indicated it is the best article known to science. It is healthful, tasteless, cheap and at the same time a perfect and reliable substitute for ice, heat, sugar, salt, or alcohol. It preserves, sweetens, and makes tender any kind of beef, pork, veal, or mutton, and that too regardless of climate, heat, cold, or any unfavorable surrounding. It also preserves poultry, fish, oysters, game, butter, lard, tallow, milk, eggs, beer, cider, wine, fluid extracts, vegetables, juices, hams, shoulders, roasting ears, or green corn on the ear, etc., etc. In fact, there is no form of perishable food to which it is not applicable, with the most beneficial results. The address of the proprietors is, The Humiston Food Preserving Co., 72 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

THE American Magnetic Electric Light Co., of New York, made a very successful installation of their Electric Light system last week, at Manayunk, Philadelphia. Three lamps brilliantly illuminated the streets at different points—the power being supplied to the Dynamo from Geo. M. McDowell's paper mill, and crowds of citizens thronged the streets to see this new and dazzling light. This system is the very best that we have yet seen, and the agent of the Company (Mr. Francis Keyser, 1305 Chestnut St., Philadelphia), informs us that their scale of prices are much lower than those charged by other companies. The company mean business, and all that they ask of the public is a fair, just trial of their system. They do not fear the result, as the test will speak for itself.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ **When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

"My friend, R. C. Legard, of this city, used to be drawn double from painful Kidney Disease. Kidney-Wort cured him."—James M. Kinney, druggist, Allegheny City, Pa., Aug. 21-82.

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
—LIVER—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

☞ SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

"I've gained 20 pounds in two months," writes Mr. J. C. Power, of Trenton, Ill., (Dec. 2-82), "and am a well man. I'd suffered with liver disorders since 1862. Kidney-Wort cured me."

Strong words from a New York clergyman "I unhesitatingly recommend Kidney-Wort. It greatly benefitted me," says Rev. C. E. Kemble, of Mohawk, N. Y.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

"For 12 years," writes Lyman T. Abell, of Georgia, Vt., "I found no relief from piles, until I tried Kidney-Wort. It has cured me."

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE
FOR
—RHEUMATISM—

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

As it is for all the painful diseases of the
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
☞ Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT

"I had habitual costiveness, pain in the back, and rheumatism," writes S. J. Scott, Burlington, Vt. "Kidney-Wort has cured them all."

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF
PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

Wilbor's Cod-Liver Oil and Lime.—The friends of persons who have been restored from confirmed Consumption by the use of this original preparation, and the grateful parties themselves have, by recommending it and acknowledging its wonderful efficacy, given the article a vast popularity in New England. The Cod-Liver Oil is in this combination robbed of its unpleasant taste, and rendered doubly effective in being coupled with the Lime, which is itself a restorative principle, supplying nature with just the assistance required to heal and restore the diseased Lungs. Sold by the proprietor, A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

RUPTURE Cured by Dr. J. R. MAYER, 831 Arch St., Phila. Entirely cured me from severe rupture. Geo. Lechel, 2132 Philip St. Sworn before me Jan. 30, '83. W. P. Becker, Magis. Ct. 14, Phila.

50 Chromo Cards, post in the market, with name 10c. "Beautiful Decalcomanie Album" with 150 Pictures, 25 cents; 5 for $1.00.
CARD CO., Cheshire, Conn.

3 CARD PHOTOGRAPHS actress in tights, 10c., 10 (different) 25c. McGILL, 304 Henry St., N. Y.

A HOME DRUGGIST

TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARRIS,"
River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

AGENTS WANTED.

Champion WASHING MACHINE.

Agents wanted in every county; the best, cheapest, and the best-selling Washer ever invented. It occupies no more room than a wringer; is strong, durable and simple, and is easily operated; and saves over half the time and labor in washing. Send for a Price-list. Large discount to the Trade and Agents.
SEAMAN & CO., Milford, N. Y.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK

"LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI," is proving the *greatest success* of all the Twain Series. A genuine boom to BOOK AGENTS.
For terms and territory address,
DOUGLASS BROS., 58 N. 7th St., Philada., Pa.

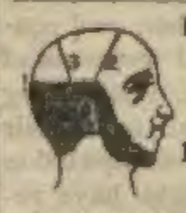
AGENTS WANTED for the best and fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philad'a, Pa.

AGENTS can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 free. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

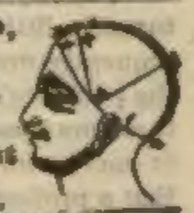
Ag'ts Wanted! Sells Rapidly. P'rtic'l'rs free **CIGARS 50** S. M. Spencer, 112 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS can make money selling our Family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 197 Pearl Street, New York.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. Circulars free. Harbach Organ Co., Philada., Pa.



R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEE AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

John Wanamaker's STORE

Everything in Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel and Housekeeping Appointments sent by mail, express or freight, according to circumstances—subject to return and refund of money if not satisfactory. Catalogue, with details, mailed on application.
☞ JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA.
We have the largest retail stock in the United States.

FITS A Leading London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS.
From Am. Journal of Medicine.
Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Dr. AB. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.

LANDRETH'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST
DAVID LANDRETH & SONS,
21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Phila., Pa.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Eklo, Md., March 10, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

S. L. C

Lexington, Mo., March 9, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

V. L. W.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 14, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

C. D.

Coon Island, Pa., March 9, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M. M. T.

Soddy, Tenn., March 9, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

N. C.

South Harpswell, Me., March 8, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

N. A. T.

Rossville, Pa., March 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

E. N. M.

Nantucket, Mass., March 8, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

R. S.

Elkton, Neb., March 7, '83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

R. H. M.

Flushing, N. Y., March 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

C. W.

St. George, Utah., March 5, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

E. H. G.

Shellbina, Mo., March 8, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

M. A.

Longview, Ky., March 9, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

B. A. W.

Burton, Tex, March. 6, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

E. R. L.

Kosse, Tex., March 9, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

F. M. W.

Beerville, Tex., March 8, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

B. F.

Lewiston, Idaho, March 8, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

C. E. B.

Parnell, Ky., March 9, '83.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

M. M. L.

$95.00 FOR ONLY $49.75 Freight Prepaid.

BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS ONLY $49.75

Latest Style, No. 1526. Dimensions—Height, 74 ins., Depth, 23 ins., Length, 50 ins., Weight, boxed, about 450 lbs.

Regular Price $95.00 Without Stool, Book and Music.

24 STOPS.—1. Cello, 8 ft. tone; 2. Melodia, 8 ft. tone; 3. Clarabella, 8 ft. tone; 4. Manual Sub-Bass, 16 ft. tone; 5. Bourdon, 16 ft. tone; 6. Saxaphone, 8 ft. tone; 7. Viol di Gamba, 8 ft. tone; 8. Dispason, 8 ft. tone; 9. Viola Dolce, 4 ft. tone; 10. Grand Expression, 8 ft. tone; 11. French Horn, 8 ft. tone; 12. Harp Aolian; 13. Vox Humana; 14. Echo, 8 ft. tone; 15. Dulciana, 8 ft. tone; 16. Clarionet, 8 ft. tone; 17. Vox Celeste, 8 ft. tone; 18. Violina, 4 ft. tone; 19. Vox Jubilante, 8 ft. tone; 20. Piccolo, 4 ft. tone; 21. Couplet Harmonique; 22. Orchestral Forte; 23. Grand Organ Knee Stop; 24. Right Organ Knee stop.

☞ This Organ is a triumph of the organ-builder's art. IT IS VERY BEAUTIFUL IN APPEARANCE, BEING EXACTLY LIKE CUT. The Case is solid Walnut, profusely ornamented with hand-carving and expensive fancy veneers. The Pipe Top is of the most beautiful design extant. It is deserving of a place in the millionaire's parlor, and would ornament the boudoir of a princess.

FIVE SETS REEDS.—Five Octaves, handsome appearance. It will not take the dirt or dust. It contains the Sweet VOIX CELESTE STOP, the famous French Horn Solo Combination, New Grand Organ Right and Left Knee Stops, to control the entire motion by the Knee, if necessary. Five (5) Sets of GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS, as follows: a set of powerful Sub-Bass Reeds; set of 5 Octaves of VOIX CELESTE; one set of FRENCH HORN REEDS, and 2 1-2 Octaves each of regular GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS. Besides all this, it is fitted up with an OCTAVE COUPLER, which doubles the power of the instrument, Lamp Stands, Pocket for Music, Beatty's Patent Stop Action, also Sounding Boards, &c. It has a Sliding Lid and conveniently arranged Handles for moving. The Bellows, which are of the upright pattern, are made from the best quality of rubber cloth, are of great power, and are fitted up with steel springs and the best quality of pedal straps. The Pedals, instead of being covered with carpet, are polished metal of neat design, and never get out of repair or worn.

SPECIAL TEN-DAY OFFER TO READERS of Saturday Ev'g Post!

If you will remit me $49.75 and the annexed Coupon within 10 days from date hereof, I will box and ship you this Organ, with Organ Bench, Book, etc., exactly the same as I sell for $95. You should order immediately and in no case later than 10 days. One year's test trial given and a full warrantee for six years. GIVEN UNDER MY HAND // // SEAL.

April 26th, 1883. Daniel F. Beatty.

COUPON | On receipt of this Coupon from any readers of The Saturday Evening Post, | $45.25

and $49.75 in cash by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, Express prepaid, or by Check on your Bank, if forwarded within 10 days from date hereof, I hereby agree to accept this Coupon for $45.25 as part payment on my celebrated 24 Stop $95 Parlor Organ, with Bench, Book, etc., providing the cash balance of $49.75 accompanies this Coupon, and I will send you a receipted bill in full for $95, and box and ship you the Organ just as it is advertised, fully warranted for six years. Money refunded with interest from date of remittance if not as represented after one year's use. (Signed) DANIEL F. BEATTY.

FREIGHT PREPAID. As a further inducement for you, (provided your order is mediately, within the 10 days) I agree to prepay freight on the above Organ to your nearest railroad freight station any point east of the Mississippi River, or that far on any going west of it. This is a rare opportunity to place an instrument, as it were, at your very door, all freight prepaid, at manufacturer's wholesale prices. Order now; nothing saved by correspondence.

HOW TO ORDER. Enclosed find $49.75 for Organ. I have read your statement in this advertisement and I order one on condition that it must prove exactly as represented in this advertisement, or I shall return it at the end of one year's use and demand the return of my money, with interest from the very moment I forwarded it, at six per cent., according to your offer. ☞ Be very particular to give Name, Post Office, County, State, Freight Station, and on what Railroad. ☞ Be sure to remit by Bank Draft, P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, Express prepaid, or by Bank Check. You may accept by telegraph on last day and remit by mail on that day, which will secure this special offer. I desire this magnificent instrument introduced without delay, hence this special price. Providing order is given immediately.

Address or call upon the Manufacturer | DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey

SOMETHING NEW.

THE MICRO STEROGRAPH.

At One-Half the Price Ever Offered Before.

Cut about ½ Size of Instrument.

This illustration represents an entirely new instrument which has already become immensely popular and is bound to have an extensive sale. No instrument has ever been offered at double the price equal to it. The instrument is manufactured substantially, larger than any other similar instrument, Gold Plated and gotten up in ARTISTIC STYLE with a lense of as great a magnifying power as optical science can afford. It can be used for the examination of microscopic objects such as water and liquids matter of any kind; the scales on a butterfly's wing, small bugs or a fly's leg, botanical objects, mineral dust and thousands of other wonderful things by mounting them on a glass slide—BUT THIS IS NOT ALL. In addition we furnish with each instrument 300 Beautiful Stereoscopic Views four times the size of others furnished with any similar instrument, taken from masterpieces of art costing THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. Photographs of noted persons, ACTORS, ACTRESSES, Views of Interesting and Historical Buildings and Natural Curiosities from all parts of the world, and Microscopic Objects concerning Natural History, Views of Childhood, Love Scenes, Comic and Pathetic Pictures. Variety enough to suit all tastes. Carefully photographed, representing each subject to perfection. The ORIGINALS cost THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS, but by this invention you have them at a cost of a QUARTER OF A CENT each. Price of the Micro Sterograph Post-paid, with one set of 20 slides, 100 views 60 Cts. —with 300 views 85 Cts.—600 views $1.00. Agents 60 page Mammoth Illustrated Catalogue Free.

E. NASON & CO., 120 Fulton Street, New York. Formerly 111 Nassau Street, New York.

LODER'S DIGESTIVE POWDER

Certain Cure for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fetid Breath, Constipation, &c. 50 and $1, mailed.

C. G. A. LODER, Apothecary, 1539 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DRY GOODS BY MAIL!

Over Three-Quarters of a Million in Stock.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c. Samples, Information, and "SHOPPING GUIDE" free on application.

COOPER & CONARD, 9th & Market St., Philada.

☞ Please say where you saw this Advertisement.

Landreth's Earliest Cabbage

Ten days earlier than any other cabbage, and producing well-formed conical heads remarkably large size for so early a ripener. Whoever plants it will be amazed at its early maturity; and if he be a market-gardner, will be able to place it in the market ahead of all competitors.

We have reports of this variety reaching ten pounds in weight remarkable considering its extreme earliness.

LANDRETH'S RURAL REGISTER AND ALMANAC, containing full catalogue of Landreth's Celebrated Garden, Field, and Flower seeds, with directions for culture in English and German. Also, catalogue of implements and tools, free of charge.

Price lists, wholesale and retail, furnished upon application. Landreth's seeds are in sealed packages, with name and full directions for culture.

D. LANDRETH & SONS,

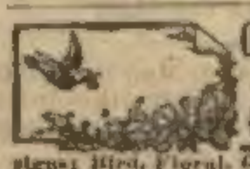
Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth Street, between Market and Chestnut Streets, and Delaware Avenue and Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

22 Charming Stories FREE

We have just published a Charming Book, neatly bound in handsome tinted covers, printed from large type on fine paper, beautifully illustrated, and containing Twenty-two deeply interesting Complete Stories by such famous authors as Mary Cecil Hay, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Henry Wood, Wilkie Collins, Miss Mulock, the Author of "Dora Thorne," etc. These stories have been specially selected with a view of providing one of the most sumptuous literary feasts ever set before the public. The book will be sent Free to every person who will send us Nine Cents in postage stamps to pay postage thereon and help pay the cost of this advertisement. This very liberal offer is made to introduce our goods and publications. All who love to read should take advantage of it. Address, F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.

SWAYNES PILLS

Important to the Sick! Symptoms indicate disease, a continuance, days of suffering,—perchance Death! Symptoms are, impure blood, costiveness, irregular appetite, headache, sour belching, soreness in back, breast and side, heart pains, giddiness, bad color to stools and urine, hot and cold sensations, yellow skin. "SWAYNE'S PILLS" cure by gently removing all corrupt matter, regulating and nourishing the system. 25 cents, (in stamps), box of 30 pills; 5 boxes $1.00, at Druggists or by mail. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.



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CAXTON PRINTING CO., Northford, Conn.

30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE!

We send free on 30 days' trial Dr. Dye's Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances TO MEN suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and Kindred Troubles. Also for Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Troubles, and many other diseases. Speedy cures guaranteed. Illustrated pamphlets free. Address VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Matrimonial Globe!

THE ROCHESTER PAPER PUBLISHED.

Each number contains over 100 advertisements of ladies and gents wanting correspondents. Name a copy 10c. silver. Address, The GLOBE, 240 25th St., Chicago, Ill. Name this paper.

THIS OFFER HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALED!

YOUR NAME in NEW COPPER TYPE, on 20 Pearl Bevled Gilt Edge Cards with lapped corners, 10c. 11 packs and the beautiful keepsake needle casket for $1.00. The Largest Album of samples ever sold with Grand Catalogue of Costly Presents, 40c. Blank Cards a Specialty. CARD MILLS, Northford, Conn.

YOUR NAME

Printed on 50 Extra large Chromos in 9 colors, (exz board) French & Swiss Florals, Motto, Remembrance & Verse Cards, in fancy script type, 10c, 14 packs $1.00 or 25 Gold Bevel Edge Cards, 10c. Our Beautiful bound Sample Album for 1883 with Elegant Premium List, colored Price List, &c., 25c. S. M. FOOTE, Northford, Ct.

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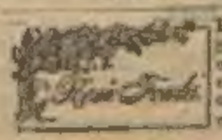
25 Comic Returned Envelopes, with name and address, 15c. 50 Chromo Cards, with name, 10c.; all for 30c. Nutmeg Card Co., Cheshire, Conn.

Beautiful Chromo Pallets 5cts. each; 8½x7½ Oleographs, $1.35 per 100; 12 samples for 20cts; 30x19, Garfield Family, 10 cts. each. Six funniest cards out for two 3ct. stamps.

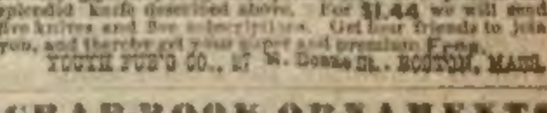
J. LATHAM & CO., 129 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

$30,000 HOW $1 INVESTED BRINGS $30,000. A fortune within the reach of ALL. Circulars with FULL information sent FREE by addressing CHAS. MEEKIN, Courier Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.



Bevel Edge Cards, designs for 1884. Send 10c. for 50 Chromo Cards with name on. Latest yet. Agents say: "Your cards sell best." Large Sample Book and full outfit 25c. Quickest returns. Give us a trial order. Clinton & Co. North Haven, Ct.

The BEST OFFER Yet!



This Fine Two-Bladed Knife Given Away.

This illustration represents an extra quality imported knife, of which the cut is only one-half size. It is one of the best knives made. The blades are made of the finest Sheffield steel, the handle is of bone or ebony, lined and riveted with brass, with German-silver tips and name-plate, finished by hand, and is strong and durable—while neither too small nor too large, is just the right size to carry in the pocket without inconvenience. Many storekeepers charge 75 cts. to $1.00 for knives no better than this, but read on and you will see why we give it away. We wish to secure new readers for our paper entitled "YOUTH," a large Illustrated Monthly Paper, consisting 32 columns of Charming Stories, Sketches, Poems, Puzzles, Wit and Humor, etc., etc., in fact, everything to amuse, entertain, and instruct every member of the family. We will send YOUTH for Four Months for only 35c., in postage stamps, and give as a present the splendid knife described above. For $1.44 we will send five knives and five subscriptions. Get four friends to join you, and thereby get your paper and premium Free.

YOUTH PUB'G CO., 47 W. Dover St., BOSTON, MASS.

SCRAP-BOOK ORNAMENTS.

Fresh importation of *new and beautiful* designs. Put up in boxes and sent prepaid upon receipt of price.

Box No. 1.—containing 8 sheets—over 100 different pictures..... 25c.

Box No. 2.—containing 16 sheets giving a general assortment—over 200 different pictures..... 50c.

Will also make up packages in any desired quantity, at prices as given in catalogue, which will be *furnished free* upon application. Address,

BERLIN & FEDDO CHROMO CO.,

221 Fulton St., New York.

50 SATIN ENAMEL CHROMO CARDS, latest out, name on 10c. 13 pks. $1. 13c. List and Large Sample Book, 25c. F. W. AUSTIN, New Haven, Ct.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

SILK PATCHWORK made easy. Blocks of all kinds 100 Elegantly Assorted Pieces 1-4 in. sq. for Samples. Conn. Silk Co., New Haven, Ct.

50 Lovely Moss Rose, Birds, Motto, Lilies, Winter and Moonlight Scenes, &c., all beautiful Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Ætna Printing Co., Northford, Ct.

50 All New Chromo Cards for '83, name on 10c, or 40 Gold and Silver 10c. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N.Y.

40 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name 10c. postpaid. G. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. MITTEN & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

SILKEN materials have now returned to cameo tints; shot silks and surahs became very fashionable after the introduction of the lovely nacre tints, and they combine specially well with brooche containing the same colors.

Chine patterns are also in great favor for rich dresses for ladies of all ages, on black, or some tender pale-colored brown, such as sea-green, salmon-pink, oriental-blue, hydranges, etc.

The patterns consist principally of flowers, in separate flowers and in their correct colors, the outline, however, being shaded off and indistinct, the distinguishing trait of chine patterns.

Striped silks are also much used, especially moire and satin, for trains and skirts either plain or, if the stripe be very large, pleated, so that the insides of the pleats are of a different and generally darker color.

A new style of skirt, for walking costumes for young girls or very young married ladies, is a pleated skirt of velvet or plush, and an over-skirt of camel's hair with three large pleats in front, the sides and back gauged into a velvet band with a silver buckle in front, and which follows the edge of the corsage.

The corsage is also of camel's hair; it is pointed back and front, and opens en coeur over a high velvet plastron, the round parements are also of velvet.

There is a quasi-monastic appearance about the style which has been very successful, and is especially appreciated by those who are not addicted to extreme elaboration of dress.

For morning wear out of doors the usual costume is of cloth (periwinkle is the favorite color), the plain skirt covered with a vermicelli pattern in fine braid, and the more intricate the pattern, and the finer the braid, the more stylish such skirts have.

The underskirt should be of faille, the same color, edged with three lightly pleated balayeuses.

The vermicelli pattern has nothing in common with the ordinary braided patterns of the past season, and is, therefore, worn by the most exclusive *elegantes*.

Above is worn a short draped tablier, simply stitched with three rows of stitching, looped with passementerie bands starting from the waistband and terminating in three loops resembling a club, one falling in front like a chatelaine, and the other placed behind, keeping the pleats in place and making them appear like small paniers.

Periwinkle, mouse-gray, beetle-red, and chestnut will be the favorite colors for cloth spring dresses, and ladies cannot do better than braid the above-mentioned dress on cloth of either of these colors, and thus insure a very stylish fashionable dress at the opening of the season, at a moderate cost.

The corsage for this costume is the Archer Jacket in periwinkle cloth, open over a satin plastron braided in the same vermicelli pattern as the skirt, closed *a la hussarde* with brandenburgs, or with a row of braided brandenburgs fastened with large buttons, forming a ladder on the chest.

The basques are cut in tabs, each one braided. For transition dresses, from the heavy winter costume to the light spring toilette, fine cloths will be extensively used—made up in very pretty styles.

Many skirts will be pleated, but the cloth pleats a little stiff and heavy, will be alternated with faille pleats of fan pleatings of faille edging the plain or draped tablier.

A distinguishing trait of the cloth dresses for spring will be, however, a skirt totally without trimming, the second skirt being simply hemmed with rows of stitching.

Many styles of jacket are appearing, and among them the best is the habit Girondin, to be worn with cloth costumes, the skirt plain and cronelated, covered with braiding and trimmed above with a three-fold drapery or a Moliere bouillonne.

The habit is pointed in front and has long added basques, but the backs have the basques all in one piece, these being joined to the added basques at the side with two flots of moire ribbon.

The pockets, placed on the added basques are edged with moire ribbon, ending in a flot at the point.

The style is not by any means new, but after many experiments and efforts after novelty it has been found as useful as it is becoming; hence the great favor in which it is held.

Dresses with ribbed skirts, made of faille and cloth, are more dressy, edged with three balayeuses of brown faille.

The skirt consists of six panels of brown cloth, braided and alternated with vertical puffs of brown faille, much wider than the cloth, so as to look like a draped faille skirt striped at equal distances with cloth bands; behind, the cloth panel is hidden beneath a narrow drapery, square, and edged with a braided band matching the pattern on the panels.

A very pretty cloth corsage is a casaquin of mouse-gray cloth, closed from the neck to the edge with small buttons and braided all over; the basques are very long, and make the dress suitable for an out-door toilette, they are cut away in front to show the scarf with braided edge, draped like a small shepherdess tablier.

The ends of the scarf re-appear on the tournure and mingle with the drapery. The vetement of the future, besides the cape, is the *Moldave*, which, for spring wear is made in light materials, black voile, lined with colored foulard, Indian silks and glace surahs.

It is fastened all down the front with flot bows of satin or ottoman ribbon, or else with jetted clasps and pendants half-buried in coquilles of lace.

The same vetement also makes a very elegant sortie-de-bal although less handsome than plush opera cloaks.

Extremely stylish mantelets or visites are made of black satin, above which is an open network of chenille forming squares all over it.

A mantelet with pelerine sleeves and long ends in front is made of this material, and is edged with a triple row of chenille balls forming a thick fringe.

Long pelisses are also made of this material, but it is more suited to lighter confections.

With long pelisses a bonnet to match should be worn, a necessity that is easily fulfilled.

The handsome visiting toilettes for the early spring also have the bonnet to match; the crown is made of embossed velvet, of plush, or of the dress material, the brim being of silk lace, black, red, beige or cream, pleated and rather full.

Very elegant evening costumes are made of crape studded with silk or silver, forming a gaufred skirt over an underskirt of white faille edged with two pleatings.

For young matrons this pleated skirt is more often made of blond embroidered with gold or silver, or colored silks, the corsage being of colored velvet or brocade. On crape dresses, especially for young girls—delicate chenille and velvet leaves are thrown, moss, jasmine, wild vine, and other leaves, in dark colors and sprinkled with gold dust, gold being considerably used now for evening toilettes; gold lace is therefore becoming very fashionable.

Great care is required when making up a toilette with such very showy trimming, as too much or ill-arranged gold lace is apt to look gaudy and ostentatious.

The corsages of ball-toilettes this season are cut out square or oval back and front, but for dinner dress the front only is cut. These small corsages recall those worn during the Empire.

Trimmings of Brussels lace, consisting of Duchesse sleeves and a berthe, are made for these dresses.

Crape is a material which will be much employed this season, for not only is it used for evening dresses, but chapeaux are made of it for dressy costumes, especially the large bat's wing chapeau, which is much worn in Paris for theatre toilettes.

Some charming costumes are composed of fine cloth and stockingette, the jaunty little jacket displaying a vest the color of which may be varied according to taste. A cardinal vest and a white one make the dress look very different, and some ladies have as many as three waistcoats to one dress.

No prettier toilette can be devised for a young person than a black Rampore made with banded bodice *a la vierge*.

The kilting round the skirt is of rich satin striped black and white, and so closely pleated that the white shows only when the wearer moves.

The tablier is finished with battlements and the short pouf drapery, and from the left side of the waist hang loops of narrow ribbon, black on one side and white on the other.

The style of the coming season will be marked by ribbon velvets about three-quarters of an inch wide being placed on the kilts, and the light summer tweeds of which they will be made are black and white, blue and white, and brown and white.

Fireside Chat.

WE live in interesting days as far as home decoration is concerned. The master and mistress of a house no longer leave the getting-up of the interior to a renowned upholsterer, and take possession of it ready garnished by the taste of a stranger.

No, every wall-paper, carpet, and hanging is a mutual study, and even the furniture is rather bought piecemeal, in view of its specially appropriated nook and corner, than by the suite at random.

The result is a certain air of homeliness, individual care, and, should the presiding genius be artistic, a true beauty, unattainable when various houses were fitted up in the latest style, as like as peas in a pod. Not the least happy characteristic of modern homes is the abundance of embroidery scattered everywhere.

True, it may not be always in the best taste, still, even if so, we can forgive occasional shortcomings in taste and color out of respect to the industry which has prompted the attempt; for needlework speaks of persevering hearts and busy fingers, and this may be the reason, as someone has remarked, that the simplest piece of embroidery in a room will attract a visitor's notice before the most gorgeous brocade.

Of the many purposes to which stitchery is applied our stores offer many popular specimens.

Chairs often display a decoration of the grotesque order, which is favored by a certain class of artists, particularly for dining-rooms, smoking-rooms, studios, and libraries.

The bird, griffin, &c., is usually erected on a ground of firm cambric or linen, with solid embroidery stitches in worsteds or silks, raised by a padding of wadding on regularly-laid rows of twine.

They are then cut out and transferred to velvet, plush, or even leather, for the backs and seats, which are further set off by a galloon or band of needlework and a straight worsted or cord fringe.

By a simpler mode, however, the figures are cut out of satin, silk, serge, &c., and secured to their chosen foundation by fancy stitches in metallic threads, and occasionally the entire ornament is wrought in gold bullion.

A tasteful example of applique work is seen in a cover of the footstool. On the ground of cloth or serge, are arranged detached scrolls, first pasted down with an interlining of cambric and then outlined by twist or buttonhole stitch in filoselle, or by a fine cord couched down with purse silk.

The whole is completed by a plain, straight fringe, a fine pleating of self-material overhung by one of the fashionable Art fringes with variegated balls, cord festoons, and network.

For summer wear or a room upholstered in pale colors, nothing would look brighter than the Baden applique so much in vogue, and consisting of red twill on holland or holland on twill, the designs outlined with fancy stitches.

Infinite are the materials for adorning the little whatnot-table, any square remnant left from tapestry hangings would make a rich cover, specially if its patterns were brought out by out-lining chain-stitch in gold thread, or Oriental silks.

A piece of a cashmere shawl would come in handsomely for the same purpose; stamped velvet, too, with its interstices filled in by embroidery, or some choice morsels of Indian work applied on a background of plush or velvet.

Should none of these rich expedients be at hand, the lobed design may be traced out on plain satin by metallic braid, and the enclosure interspersed with leaves and arabesques worked in crewels or silks; a tassel fringe, repeating the colors, is sewed round the border.

For the festooned drapery of the lower ledge it is usual to employ serge silk, satin, or sheeting of the color prevalent in the cover.

Sometimes the drapery is replaced by a flat band of embroidery. This couch is eminently fitted for the boudoir or bedroom, both from its simple shape and light style of fitting up.

It may be covered in plain sheeting, fine serge, or cretonne, with a deep pleating, headed by cord, for the border.

Over this is placed a covering of printed woollen material, chintz, or even Madras muslin, prettily draped round the arm and edged by bows of ribbon matching the color of the plain foundation fabric.

Baden applique or canvas, powdered with cross-stitch, may also be effectively utilized. Passing to the knicknacks of the home, we have the photograph-stand in the guise of a miniature folding screen.

It is covered with velvet, satin, or corded silk, and enriched on each flap by a trailing design of jessamine or clematis, executed in silks, arrasene, or beads.

Such trifles are as frequently made in olive and spa-wood, when the ornament is painting or spray work.

CHAIRBACKS.

Fashionable ones are made in bright-colored satin, principally blue and pink. On the large central square are represented flowers and floral scenes, either in painting or the new silk transfers.

Framing the square is an insertion of Torchon lace, followed by an outward band of satin edged with lace.

Another chairback is a large rectangle of plush, striped with bands of cretonne in an eastern pattern, outlined in gold or silver; variegated balls surround the edge.

A DOG owned in Portland, Me., has quite a fancy for travelling. When the freak takes him he goes aboard the Boston boat and makes a quiet trip of 150 by sea.

HE that looks not before him, will have to look behind him—and probably with some regret.

Correspondence.

INQUIRER.—No reduction in rates on account of not taking premium. See page 8.

S. E., (Washington, D. C.)—1. Cairo is pronounced Kire—I sounded as I in sigh. Cetewayo is pronounced by the Zulus Teh-y-o. 2. The 21st of July, 1863, was a Tuesday.

OPORTO, (Hartford, Conn.)—The French and Spanish languages are the most useful for a person engaged in the wine trade, and who desires to visit France and Spain to make his own purchases.

MINNIE, (Lycoming, Pa.)—The word "girl" is to be met with in the Bible, but only once: and may be found in the words of the prophet Joel, iii., 3: "And sold a girl for wine, that they might drink."

PET, (Phila., Pa.)—We would advise you to obey the promptings of your heart. It is no disgrace, but, on the contrary, one of the finest qualities of a gentleman, for a man to be devotedly attached to his mother, and to deny himself many of the pleasures of life in order to minister to her comfort. Such a man is certain to make one of the best of husbands.

CHERRY, (Pike, Ala.) — It would not be in strict etiquette to speak to the young gentleman in the street; but etiquette, you know, must often give way to expediency. If you consider the young gentleman worthy of your regard, and he evinces a disposition to be on friendly terms with you, bow to him. Your speaking in the singing-class can be taken as an introduction.

ICICLE, (Mercer, O.)—Your silence seems to proceed from nervousness. Read the newspapers, and take every opportunity of discussing what you read with your companions. After a while join a debating society, and try to make a speech. No matter how egregiously you may fail at first, persevere, and you will in time become able to express your sentiments either in private or public.

SHAKESPEARE, (Lee, Iowa.)—It is no doubt true that a high forehead often bespeaks intellect, and a low one its absence: but it is also true that some men with high foreheads have been the basest, the most cowardly and wicked, the world has ever seen. You cannot change the shape of your head, but you can mould the character and conduct according to the best models, and it is this that makes the man.

LOLA, (Nevada, Cal.)—Your feelings are not very deeply engaged, and the boy does not clearly know his own mind, or what is more likely, has not much mind to know. In a few years, when you have gained more sense, you will probably be very much ashamed of having played at being in love, and will wish that you had been better looked after and kept at your books, and that you could forget the whole thing.

VIOLET, (Camden, N. J.)—The Admiral Crichton, so called from his many accomplishments, was born in 1561, in Scotland, and left St. Andrew's University highly accomplished in body and mind in his twentieth year; he was initiated in sciences and master of twelve languages, besides excelling in all gymnastics and manly exercises. His attainments drew on him some jealousy in Italy, and he was murdered in the streets in 1583.

JENNIE, (Morgan, Ind.)—Wash it morning and night in water almost boiling hot. 2. Perseverance in a discipline of system .tic and guarded utterance rarely fails to remove stammering. Cultivate a habit of correct speaking and speech, the relation of breath to articulate sounds, the position of the tongue and the other oral organs in moulding the outward stream of air, and a patient application of these principles in slow and watchful exercise.

STUDENT, (Woodbury, N. J.)—Your trouble is entirely physical. You are probably a little "run down." Give up all unnecessary reading and work for six months; go freely into society; take every care of your health in the matters of eating, drinking, and sleeping, and get as much pleasant out-door exercise as possible. This course pursued long enough will set you all right, and enable you to take up French, music, and weighty books again, with confidence and success.

ENGINEER, (Phila., Pa.)—The executors have full power over the property for the time they have been appointed to serve as such. If you fancy they are not conducting your affairs in a proper manner you may apply to the court and have them removed and others appointed in their place. And the reason for this is obvious. They are responsible for the property for which they have agreed to act as executors, and therefore must have that control over it which the law has assigned them.

FLORENCE, (Hanover, Va.)—You seem to be rather attractive in personal appearance, if your own description is a faithful one. As to whether you have been intended for an old maid, we of course cannot tell. But it will not help you to obtain a husband if you indulge lazy habits, lying in bed till late in the morning, and prefer "day-dreaming" to working. Above all, try and cure your weakness in respect of money. If you do not now cultivate saving habits, it will be hard to do it later in life. A spendthrift is always in difficulties.

GERALDINE, (New York, N. Y.)—As a rule the world does not look favorably on a young lady who keeps company with a young man who has been divorced. You should not forget that the fact of his being divorced shows that he is a person not to be trusted by, and capable of behaving cruelly to a woman. If he has done this in the case of one woman, he may do the same with a second. We would not say, however, that a divorced person should be treated as a social leper. Reform is possible; but be sure that the reform is genuine, not shammed, before you give him your confidence.

UNA, (Thoroughfare, N. J.)—As the young gentleman is under no definite engagement with your friend, with whom he is "keeping company," the question is not so much one of right or wrong as of good sense or good taste. The young gentleman who is so fickle, and somewhat insincere with your friend, is not a good friend for you, and you will do wisely to let him see that you do not want his attentions. Give all your energy to the few months left to which you are to complete your education. Take as the subject of your examination essay some theme that really interests you. It may be any character, book, poem, or picture for which you care, and which you think others do not care for at all, or do not care for enough. Explain why the subjects attracts you; try to put its good qualities in such clear light that others may see it as you see it, and come to love it as you love it.